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FAMOUS

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MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND



KING KONG

SPECIAL PHOTO FILMBOOK ISSUE

KING KONG

A classic movie poster for the 1933 film 'King Kong'. The central image shows the giant gorilla King Kong roaring and holding a woman (Fay Wray) in his arms. He is standing on a structure, with a city skyline and flying biplanes visible in the background. The title 'KING KONG' is written in large, bold, orange letters with a blue outline, slanted across the top. Below the title, the names of the lead actors are listed. At the bottom left, the director and producer information is provided, along with a small note about the story's origin. A small 'M.P.A.' logo is visible in the bottom right corner of the poster.

FAY WRAY
ROBT ARMSTRONG
BRUCE CABOT

A PERSONALLY DIRECTED
MERIAN C.
COOPER
ERNEST B.
SCHOEDSACK
PRODUCTION

FROM THE STORY BY MERIAN C. COOPER, and EDGAR R. RICE

THE MIGHTY KONG

Stars in this issue of Famous Monsters of Filmland

SPEAKING OF
MONSTERS

CREATURES FIT FOR A KING!



MAKE UP your mind right now to lose it! Flick Baker's 5 great monsters got a preview look at this ALL-RONG issue and Schlock went up over it, the 2-headed gorilla lost his head and the devil child

(Rosemary's baby?) went wild.

They called the Master of Skull Island the 5th Wonder of the World.

They were wrong.

This issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS is!

*FORREST
ANGELUS*



A "SENIOR" CITIZEN SPEAKS

As a high school senior with 5 years' experience reading *FANG*, I can tell you that you've cornered the market on generation gap bridges. Your magazine is the one piece of literature the little monsters appreciate. One full page on the issue of *FIM*, and the kids are mysteriously transformed into grown, docile little monsters. Naturally it takes a little time to mesh with the younger children. They don't dig mailed letters or disfigured features. The older kids are more concerned with how the party scenes are created. Personally, I like your magazine because of the truly addictive angle on which it treats monster movies—none of the whole gothic or teenybopper doings found in other fan magazines. I consider this to be a great complement to your movie & TV coverage, a sign of the high degree of intelligence & sophistication that separates the *Fang* fans from the soap opera buffs. Even among the younger set the distinction is obvious. Average kid wants his dog to fetch the mail monster; fan kid wants his weekend to fetch the monster.

TYONNE BROWNE
Columbia, SC

THIS ISSUE DEDICATED TO CHARLES LORANCE

—and I even had a lot of fun to publish in this spot. I feel the fact is I have no idea what this young benefactor looks like. I only know that regularly for the last 10 weeks, I have heard from him as a very gratifying manner, and he tells me I will continue to hear from him in this fashion "till the horizon on the Master Museum has been burned." I am very grateful to this letter to Mr. Percy Ackerman.

WANTED! More Readers Like



MIKE KESTIVEN

FRANKLY FOR MOM FROM A GRATEFUL SON

I'm 16 and could write 100 pages on why I think your magazine is best. I've read this marvelous magazine when I was in the 1st grade. Once in 1955 when I went to Africa while my Dad was in the Air Force, my Mom made me throw it away because she thought it would give me bad dreams. Since then she has changed her mind & she doesn't mind me going to her for movies, she lets me buy your horror books & she looks at your magazine, saved ones when she has the time. Sometimes she buys them for me. Now I am buying the book & says I have read and my Mom even gave me the money to buy that when she said she made me throw away I really love her for that. She is the best! Because of your magazine she knows more about monsters than most readers. I love

JIM MORROW
Charleston, S.C.

—Mama Morge. WE at PM love you too! Please send us a headshot of yourself together with Jim & his brother (we understand he's an *FIM* fan too) so we can publish the 3 of you in a future issue.

WANTED! More Readers Like



JEFF SHERIN

INQUIRY ABOUT QUARRY

So there I was in that news agent's shop in Johannesburg. So Africa and on casually skimming thru *FIM* Age 73 I saw a letter that I wrote to you from Bangkok, Thailand in Oct '72. I shifted wildly changed into a weekend with delight and was thrown out clutching the Apr. & July copy.

Count Yorga has a cult following in England and I would like to start a ROBERT QUARRY FAN CLUB.

RONY RAYNER
66 St Leonard's Rd
East Sheen, London SW14
ENGLAND

WANTED! More Readers Like



TIM McFEELY

SEVERAL COMMENTS

Glad to see A&C MEET FRANKLY has that a doublet (1975) as I think it is an important film. *Cherry Strange & Lugo* were at their best in a horror film with great sets, photography & all tech stuff making was evident especially when *Dracula* changed to a bat.

Mr. Charles Letter writes the modern horror films to the vintage 30s. I think that's his privilege. But if he thinks *Barlow & Lugo* were corny can he imagine how much excited the students were when the film made a dent & those 2 players were international stars? Also, what about those 16 mm power reels they use the genre to continue, why the "revels"? If Peter's fourth thing, 30 pages were wasted on *Bela Lugosi* what is he making this magazine for? *Lugosi* was one of the best actors to grace the horror field. He knew his craft & is a credit to horror films.

A long life to **FAMOUS MONSTERS**, a publication of history needed.

DAVID MADON
(No address)

AWARD FOR A WEIRD ONE

Any winning team can't be sure that THE WORST prize actually gotten along with the whole Golden Globe Awards show on TV. If *Star 80* & *Freedom* hadn't won I would have shot our TV night between the announcer (Sweden of the old *Lugosi* film, **MURDER BY TELEVISION**) how it will only win an Oscar & may mean a breakthrough for our kind of film.

CAROL SCARDINO
Melrose Park, Ill.

WANTED! More Readers Like



DAVID GRIGGSBY



THE KONG OF KONGS

In retrospect—nay, every living aspect—he towers as tall as Everest, this Mountain of a Monster, this Colossal King of Super Beasts who first burst forth upon staggered cinema-goers 30 years ago.

KONG! As Lon Chaney shall not die...and Lugosi lives eternal...so KING KONG survives, supernal in the annals of animation, imagination, creation—genius!

KONG!

The name that reverberates down the corridors of time with the wonder of thunder. Can a magazine staff do verbal justice to the greatest gift ever bestowed on lovers of prehistoric cinemadventures? It is our earnest prayer that in words we shall be able to recreate images worthy of the subject, capture on paper the essence of the inspired film we all agree was a masterpiece beyond compare.

KONG!

...not a word, not a name, but a song!

100 minutes that mesmerized mankind

"Out of an uncharted, forgotten corner of the world, a monster...surviving 7 million years of evolution...crashes into the haunts of civilization...onto the talking screen...to stagger the imagination of man!" These were the very words, the promises they read in their souvenir program book, that First Night Audience in Hollywood, Calif., when they came to see the 8th Wonder of the World.

They were not disappointed. It was Friday 24 March 1933, and the penetrating rays of the



Robert Armstrong as Carl Denham, the madman picture producer who brought back the 8th Wonder of the World—alive!

BYRD KONG CREDITS

An Idea Conceived by

WILLIAM C. COOPER

Executive Producer

DAVID O. SELDMAN

Directed by

ROBERT SCHENCK

WILLIAM C. COOPER

Original Story by

WILLIAM C. COOPER

EDGAR WALLACE

Screen Play by

JAMES C. HUGHAN

BETH ROSE

Chief Technicians

WILLIS CRITCH

Technical Staff

E. E. CRITCH

MARCO BENVENUTO

FRANK ROSE

OSWALD COLEMAN

CARROLL SHEPHERD

Musical by

MAX STEINER

Art Directors

CARROLL CLARK

AL HERMAN

Photographers

EDWARD LINDEN

WENDEL WALKER

ED MAYER

Sound Effects

MURRAY SPWAK

Production Assistants

ARON D. MARSH

WALTER DANIELS

Art Technicians

MARIO LARINHADA

BYRON L. CHASE

Sound Recorder

E. A. WOLCOTT

Film Editor

TED CHESMAN

Running Time 1 hr. 40 mins.

hanks of searchlights illuminated the skies, baring into day fears & crowds. Like the bonfire of Greek man's world famous Chinese Theater with clamor & glamour in every square on the sidewalk of the forum court, the torments of the immortal—the handprints of "The Thief of Bagdad"—Doug Fairbanks, the autograph of "Dr. Jekyll"—Frederic March & "32"—Hyde—John Barrymore—the fingerprints of Mickey stage Al Jolson, the man who got a million pictures from you. In an alcove of the western wall, dominating all the best of the mighty beast himself—King Kong. Had he seen, that rule well implanted. As bonfire in the center, the whole day would have been checked today. performed as this by a change of 1 N. I. You're afraid of 1 N. I. I take it! Dynamite. Our most powerful explosion before the storm bomb was in action.



The full-size head of KONG as he was seen "in person" in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, 1933. (From the collection of Marcel Delgado.)

prolog to the picture

Inside, before the fabulous film came on the screen, there was a live stage presentation showed around KONG, KONG, and leading up to the actual motion picture. It was an 17 parts!--with each act as *The Usual Suspect: Return of the Mysteria: Gathering of the Tribes: Dance to the Sacred Air: The Captives in the Tree Tops: The Sisters of Goodbye: Wives*.

Then, at last, with excitement at its pitch, the feature film began to unveil. For the first time, ears heard the glorious musical score of "Mae Mercer."

For the first time, eyes beheld the colossal handiwork of artist Marcel Delgado, builder of the body of Kong and the throng of prehistoric-creatures.

For the first time, humans were dazzled by the plot twists of Edgar Wallace & Norman Cooper, the screenplay devil-

opsmith of James Creelman & Ruth Rose.

For the first time, scenes lived before what was the HOLLYWOOD HELL ALL called "the most sensational exhibition of camera tricks in the history of motion pictures," as the audience paid obedience to chief technician U. I. the 4TH man, the amazing force behind KING KONG.

30 years later, Ober's widow said to me: "Kong Kong was fine. It was his personality. I could just see Ober in Kong's every movement, every gesture."

KONG'S own story!

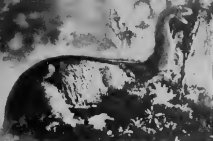
Before we get behind the story, into all sorts of fascinating technical details & human anecdote, critics' opinions, etc., here is the striking film-based version of KING KONG shall--with

an important addition.

MYSTERY MAGAZINE, the col lector's love periodical in which this story was originally serialized over a quarter century ago, has long since ceased to exist. No one associated with magazine magazines today owned copies at the time (simply because half of them weren't born yet) and to track down the manuscripts of the story at this late date, well, few individuals could afford the time for the search or the money for purchase if success ful.

To the original story, however, something New Has Been Added. Since, at the time it was written, there were no filmstrips, no "organ-ized" monster fans, the story was not strictly based on biographies but the general public. The fatal fact is: each of the "good" parts were left out of the narration!

Two years earlier had a better version



sequence in the story. That is to say, happenings on the screen & script were that were not originally included in the Mystery Magazine version, have been put into our exclusive version herewith.

Ray Harryhausen, Kong authority #1 who's not doubt seen the picture 100 times or more by now, would have been the ideal individual to consult for notes about the dinosaur sequence but he was far away in Spain at the time, working his arsehole on *HOWLERS' FIGHT MEN IN THE MOUNTAINS*, so we wish to gratefully acknowledge consultation of Hologophane Mark McKee for dinosaur details to refresh our aging memory cells. You see, we're not as fortunate as many of you younger readers. In that we don't have the spare time you do to watch *KONG: KONG* every time on the week when he's revived on TV.

Chapter 1 DESTINATION UNKNOWN

The 3 men in the skipper's cabin aboard the tramp ship *The Venture* were a hard looking lot.

"I say, it's time the skipper & me know where we're bound for," the big first mate, Jack Driscoll, gave a kick to his trousers before he hit him self down on the edge of Captain Englehorn's bunk.

Carl Englehorn snorted. He cocked his head to one side and listened to the churning of *The Venture's* propeller.

"We're going half speed." He sneered at accordingly at the skipper. "What's the big idea?"

Capt. Englehorn evaded the other's eye and said nothing. He let off a generous portion of tobacco and chewed noisily. His right foot kept tapping the floor as if beating time to the churning of his jaws.

"Are you two going ash on an errand?" Driscoll sneered.

Jack Driscoll had been staring down at his feet. Now he lifted his head.

"You know better'n that," he said slowly. "You've sailed with us before Englehorn—and we've taken you where ever you asked us to without a murmur. But it's different this time."

Puzzled, Carl Englehorn turned from the first mate and looked at the skipper for enlightenment.

"Jack's right," said Englehorn thru a tobacco stained corner of his mouth.

"What do you mean, different this time?" he sneered. Then sudden understanding struck him. "The girl? Is that it, the girl?"

Jack Driscoll grew red as a beet. A lot of hardness went out of his face for a moment.

"Have you gone sappy over the girl?" Driscoll demanded with con tempt in his voice.

"I'm sappy over nobody," Jack said snarling. "And I'm not running out on you, either. Only, get this—there are things a girl can't do, things she oughtn't to see and dangers she could not be asked to face." The first mate

spoke with grim insistence.

"Jack's right," the skipper echoed. "What's more, the men are getting restless. There are matters about this trip they can't understand. They want to know why we've shipped more than 3 times the men that are needed to handle a boat this size—and somehow they found out about the ship's papers being faked. They want to know why we're carrying enough munitions & gas bombs to fight a war. They're a tough lot but all this secrecy is getting on their nerves."

"Since when is a crew supposed to have nerves?" Driscoll barked.

For a time nothing more was said. Jack Driscoll kicked his heels against the side of the skipper's bunk. Carl Englehorn peered the little shadowy cabin like a caged beast of prey.

At last the skipper spoke in muffled tones.

"You've got to admit, Mr. Driscoll, that I've held to the course you laid out—we've worked & worked out of New York and where are we? We're way west of Sumatra—in waters I've never known before, the I know the East Indies like my own hand."

"Where do we go from here?" Jack Driscoll barked.

"Southward," said Englehorn shortly. "Southward." The skipper's square face set itself in angry lines. "Southward? Have you gone crazy? Look at the chart, mate! There's nothing that way but thousands of miles of water. What about food? What about coal? What about pay? What is there Southward?"

"There's an island," said Carl Englehorn, softly.

Chapter 2 THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

From his bunk he took 3 pieces of worn paper. Carefully, so as not to break the creases, he spread one on top of the other.

Englehorn & Driscoll leaned over the table.

Stamp collectors' found the rare 100 aluminum variety it reputed to have borne the legend, "Help Stamp Out Poverty!"

POST CARD

I AM
COMING.

EXPECT
ME SOON

KING & KONG
MADE



NO. 1

NAME

ADDRESS



Fay Wray as Ann Darrow, "bravest girl the world has ever known," together with her screen lover Jack Driscoll, the late Bruce Cabot.

"You'll find this island on no chart, except this one," Denham said solemnly. "It was drawn by the skipper of a Norwegian barque."

He was kidding," said Capt. Englehorn.

"No? No—he wasn't! Listen, Avenue with notes from this island washed in out to sea. When the barque picked them up there was only one of them alive and he lived only long enough to give my friend a kind of description of the place and a fairly good idea of where it lay. If we know the location of that barque for years and he gave us that map the last time I was in Hong Kong."

"Supposing it's all true," Jack Driscoll drawled, "what is there about this island that makes it so darn famous?"

"Well," said Denham, "He filled the top sheet and pointed to the paper underneath. It is a crude drawing of a piece of land. Here's what it looks like. As this and there is a long sandy peninsula. The only place to land is there, this reef." He indicated the point with his thick finger. "The rest of the shoreline is sheer precipice hundreds of feet high."

"Well—"

Denham held up his hand. He did not go on immediately. His eyes were fixed with a far away look.

"That peninsula is cut off from the rest of the island by a wall—a wall that goes clear across the base of the peninsula," he said at last.

"A wall?" the skipper said. His first mate spoke in unison.

Denham nodded.

"A wall," he affirmed gently.

Driscoll jerked his head back deviously.

"So we've come all this way to take a picture of a wall?" he growled.

"Not the wall—but a picture of a hole in the wall."

Chapter 3 THE HORROR BEYOND THE WALL

"That wall—" Denham went on—"is so old that the people who built it may have forgotten the high occasion that built it. But it's so strong today as it was centuries ago. The natives keep it in repair. They need to."

"Why?" Jack Driscoll demanded impatiently.

Denham drew a long breath. He asked:

"Have you ever heard of KODAK?"

Capt. Englehorn gave a short laugh. "Sure," he said. "It's a Malay newspaper about a god or a spirit or something."

"Kong is behind that wall?" Carl Denham asserted impressively. "He's neither beast nor man—he's a monster—holding that island in the grip of death fear."

The skipper and Jack looked at each other skeptically. The first mate got off the skipper's bunk and stretched himself with a yawn. The skipper tapped thoughtfully at his walrus mustache.

"Alright," said Englehorn. "We'll look for your island and when we find it—we'll help you to photograph your monster—if he's there, that is." There was a glint of humor in the old man's eye.

Denham said nothing.

Jack Driscoll started to leave. His hand on the door knob, he paused and turned to Denham.

"But the girl doesn't go ashore," he said.

Denham spun around. His face was distorted with rage and there was a queer light, almost homicidal, in his eyes.

"She goes along?" he roared. "She's in the picture! What do you suppose I brought her along for? Why do you think I picked her out of the gutter, starving?—Not for this picture? Besides it's not me that wants her—it's the public! She's come changed to one of greatness. I can risk my neck a



Native of Skull Island. Enough to frighten King Kong?



Ann & Jack, attempting to escape, are pulled back up toward ledge of Kong's cave-dwelling by angry King who doesn't wish his pretty plaything taken from him, especially by such a puny rival!



A great gas hawk hurled at King's feet brings him to his knees. While unconscious he is floated on a raft (not seen in the film) out to the boat and back to civilization.

down times—I can bring 'em a picture of you & me being gored to death by a charging rhino and what good would it be—without a woman? Bah!”

Jack Darrow watched him there and bowed his head.

“The girl stays aboard,” Jack repeated stubbornly.

Chapter 4 THE DARING MISS DARROW

Up on deck, Jack looked around for Ann Darrow. She was standing in the bow, leaning over the rail, watching the ship clear the water.

“You look cross,” she said. “You just hate having a woman aboard your ship—don’t you?”

“I did so first,” he told stumbled, “but I didn’t anymore.”

“It’s been a wonderful trip, so far—”

“Too far, is right,” he broke in, grimly.

She was startled by his manner. “Is anything—anything wrong?” she asked anxiously.

Jack Darrow looked out to sea.

“Plenty,” he said after a while. “We have to try to find some dinner—escape me—land. There’s a chance on it that the natives are doomed to death of—”

“Why, that’s thrilling!”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about. He wants to land there to make a film—”

“But you’ll be really coming, Jack?”

“You’ve never been with him before but I have—and so has the skipper. Denham’s reckless—he doesn’t know what fear is. The last time he had the

natives stampede a herd of elephants right on top of us—Good! I thought we were all done for!”

He watched her and saw the sparkle in her eyes with increasing satisfaction.

“Some pictures it might be alright. You think you’re not alone because you haven’t seen what I have, but you won’t be able to stand what’s on that island!”

She stared at him in amazement.

“What is there on that island, Jack?” she questioned gently.

“I can’t describe it—I don’t know exactly—Denham doesn’t know. It’s a monster so terrible that the natives have built a wall to protect themselves. I don’t believe it when Denham first told me—but I do now. Why? I’ll tell you why. Because Denham himself is afraid! And Denham is a doc!”



Million \$ Models. Mighty Joe Young, animated by Willis O'Brien, meets Horryhausen's Ymir from 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH while Marcel Delgoda's pteronodon from KING KONG hovers overhead in front of colorful KONG poster. In the foreground we see the prized collector's item, a mint copy of the novel containing outographs of most of the cost & makers of KONG. Flying at the top of the spine of the book is a carved pteronodon from the classic silent LOST WORLD! Foto token in the original Ackermansion. All but mighty Joe ore still to be soon in the Editor's new home, Son of Ackermansion, in Horrorwood, Karloffornia.



Standing, center, Marlon C. Cooper, co-captain with Ernest B. Sheedock (still living). We lost General Cooper on 21 Apr. last year—and Robert Armstrong (to his right in picture) the day before. To his left is Bruce Cebot, who left us in 1972. Others are male cast members, natives of Skull Island & crewmen of Denham's exploration party.



Denham & His Men First Confront The Natives.

He stopped & dropped her wrist with an air of despondency. He paced the deck a few times, then he came back to her.

"I can't stop you, Ann," his voice was low. "And I can't stop Denham—only you can do that, by refusing to go there with it."

There was a trace of moisture in her eyes as she looked up at him. She placed her hand lightly on his arm.

"I understand, Jack." Her voice shook a little. "It's very very nice to have you feel that way about me—and even tho I'm not afraid, I wouldn't go if you didn't want me to—only—well I just have to."

"Why do you have to?" he demanded passionately.

"You see, Mr. Denham's been very kind to me. He picked me up from the street, starving. I was trying to steal

an apple off a fruitstand and the Indian who owned the stand was making an awful fuss about it, when Mr. Denham came along & fixed it up. He explained to me that he couldn't find a girl for the part he had in mind because of his reputation—being so crooked & all that—and asked me if I would go along—of course, I didn't know about the island then—but even so, I guess I'm sort of obligated."

Chapter 3 SKULL ISLAND

Early the next morning they came upon the island with dramatic suddenness.

A sailor had been heaving the lead constantly. They were blanketed in a fog and the skipper was nervous. He was running again at half-speed. Den-

ham was cursing, he cursed the fog, the skipper & the lookout up in the crow's nest for not sighting land. They were in the vicinity of the island, Denham was positive.

"Thirty fathoms & no bottom," the sailor droned. Then a few minutes later "Twenty fathoms."

That cry seemed to stir them all. They waited tense & silent.

"Sixteen fathoms," the sailor called.

"Breakers ahead!" the man in the crow's nest yelled.

"Ten fathoms."

Capt. Englishman leapt from the telegraph. There was the sound of revving engines. Orders blowing at the foremast: "Let go!" and the noise of the anchor chain.

"Listen!" said Driscoll. "That's not breakers—That's drums."

He was right. They could hear it.

plainly enough now that they recognized it. The dull, muffled sound of drums.

Bum-bu-um, bum, bum-bu-bu-bum.

Ann Harrow shuddered. There was something awesome about that thrumming noise. It was like listening to the beating of an irregular giant pulse.

"Hurry there, lower the boats, skipper!" Denham shouted. He was on a level of excitement.

The skipper detached 12 men to accompany them ashore. The ship was left in charge of the second mate.

"Come along, Ann!" Denham ordered.

As they approached the beach the incessant thumping of the drums became louder. "Get a sand wasp right! They landed and unloaded their stuff, and proceeded cautiously up the beach. Presently they came to a cluster of deserted huts. It was behind these that the natives must be assembled. Further back they could now clearly see the great wall.

They heard the faint sound of a chant.

Slowly they went on past the huts. There in a clearing close to the wall was what appeared to be the entire tribe. They paused in their tracks, spellbound by the weird spectacle.

Between the chief & a witch doctor stood a young girl. She was clad in garlands of flowers. Lovely, brown, like & very proud, she stood there, terribly frightened. The whole mass was swaying to & fro, chanting monotonously.

"God!" Denham whispered. "What's that? Where's the captain—quick?"

Chapter 4 DISCOVERY

He was about to set it up when there was a shout. They had been discovered by one of the natives.

The drums stopped, the chant died down, and the swaying of the mass ceased. For a time the natives stared at them in silence. Then the chief, taking 12 warriors to accompany him, came towards them. Within 10 feet of Denham he halted.

"Steady, everybody," Denham cautioned. "Never let a native see you're scared. Do you think, Englishmen, you can make out their lingo?"

The skipper, who knew most Malay dialects, thought he could.

"Tama di? Tama di?" There was murmur in the strange guttural words coming from the chief.

The response was a trifle odd. Unconsciously, Ann Harrow moved closer to Denham.

"He says," the skipper translated, "who are you? Who are you?"

Boldly Denham advanced a few paces. He motioned Englishmen to follow. "Tell him we're friends—put it on that."

Englishmen spoke slowly.

"Tala. Bala. Bum. Bum. Bala. Bala?" he said.

"Bala. Bum. Tasha? Tasha?" the chief answered stonily.



The fierce warrior chief of Skull Island, faithful servant of Kang.
(Noble Johnson.)



Sheet music issued for plain-
hills!

"What did he say?" Denham asked.
"He said 'We don't want friends
Get out! Get out!'"

The witch doctor rushed forward. He
leered hideously at the strangers, then
jabbered to the chief.

He had caught sight of Ann!

The chief addressed himself to En-
glehorn. His attitude was more cau-
tious. He made a long speech in
which occasionally the word *Kong*
was understandable to Denham and
the first mate.

When he finished the skipper turned
to Denham. His face was very grave.
"This is bad business," he said.
"They want Ann—a girl for Kong—to
be Kong's bride. They are in deadly
earnest. They are willing to buy her
for 5 of their women. Denham writes
us for it."

Ann gave a gasp.

"Tell 'em to go to the devil!" said
Denham to Englehorn. "But tell them
we'll be back tomorrow—to make
friends. I've got to get that picture
somehow or I would split in the old
boy's eyes."

Chapter 7 DISCOVERY—OF A DIFFERENT SORT

"It's time you went to bed, Ann,"
Jack Driscoll said, brusquely.

It was late and they were on deck,
staring at a hulk.

"I hear to leave that moon," Ann
said softly. "Besides I don't think I
could sleep. Those drums make me
nervous. I was kind of scared
there this afternoon."

"Of course, you were—I was my-
self. What does Denham mean—putting
you in a spot like that? You're not
going back tomorrow—I'll have it out
with him in the morning."

"I mean if he wants me so, Jack.
He's done a lot for me."

"Lot—nothing!" he asserted. "When
it comes to taking a picture, he's crazy—
he'd stop nothing. Ann—I'm scared
for you, when I think of what might
have happened—this afternoon."

She looked at him, her eyes shining.
"If anything was to hurt you, Ann,
I'd just—"

"Just what, Jack?"

She was very near to him. His big
Driscoll felt his body unconsciously
tremble. He looked at her pleadingly
for help.

"What is it, Jack?"

"Ann—Ann—I love you."

"Yes, Jack. I know."

He looked at her—unbelieving. She
didn't laugh at him. It wasn't pos-
sible and yet—suddenly he crushed
her to him.

For a long time he held her so her
head buried against his chest. Finally
she struggled to free herself a little.

"If only—" her voice came muffled.

"You'd let me get my breath—I'd like
to tell you that I love you, too, Jack."

"Driscoll! Are you on deck?" It was
the skipper's voice from the bridge.

"Yes, sir." Jack leaned down & kis-

sed her.
"Come up a minute, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

Again he kissed Ann.

"I'll wait for you here, the night is
so lovely," said Ann.

Chapter 8 RIDING FOR KONG

Alone, she looked at the stars. There
seemed more of them than a little
while ago and they seemed brighter
than before he had put his arms so
firmly around her. She clasped her
knee in her hands and rocked gently
back & forth, crooning to herself. Life
was very wonderful just then.

Behind her, rising like an evil spirit
from the sea, a horrible face peered
over the wall.

It was a face painted yellow & red.
There were blue rings around the eyes
and a thick line of bar much horizontally
across the nose. With the silence of death
the witch doctor climbed on board. A
few swift noiseless steps and his hand
was over her mouth. He lifted her up
dashed to the side and an instant later
was gone.

Just outside the gate, Ann saw
the altar. It was built of stone and
3 huge stone columns surrounded it.

The witch doctor led the way.

Between 4 warriors, Ann, like one in
a trance, walked up the broad steps
that led to the gate. Half way up she
turned & looked back toward the sea.
Once more she cried out—"Jack! Jack!"
In a voice of despair. They lifted her
to the altar and stood her between the
stone posts. Her hands were lashed to
the columns so tightly that her wrists
ached. She was facing natives and the
sea where the ship & her last slim hope
lay. At her back was the jungle with
its mystery—and Kong!

Now the natives swarmed to the top
of the wall. Hundreds of torches flared
up, dispelling the darkness. The drums
rumbled. They beat the mighty gong
and the natives, driven to a frenzy,
yelled & leapt up & down on top of
the wall.

Then they closed the great gate &
braced it.

With the shutting of the gate, Ann's
heart seemed to stop beating. A pitiful
little cry escaped her lips—there was
nothing more now in front of her
the wall, crowded with hideous mad-
men, and behind her darkness—and
something fearful beyond her imagi-
nation.

The chief's voice could be heard
above the tumult.

"Koro To no Kong O Tora Iro
Kame Kong"

"Ma Kaba ara make O Tora Iro
Kame Kong"

The skipper wasn't there to tell her
the literal meaning of that solemn
invocation.

"We call thee, Kong O Mighty One,
great Kong."

"Thy bride is here, O Mighty One,
great Kong."

Chapter 9 THE COMING OF THE KING

Then over it all fell an unearthly
silence, a silence more terrifying, more
significant than any thing that had gone
before.

Against her will, Ann turned her head
as far as she could and looked with
dilated eyes over her shoulders into
the blackness of the jungle. She heard
noises like the creaking of bushes &
the breaking of trees—then more dis-
tinctly, the sound of ponderous foot-
steps. Another minute, and into the
light came a great hulking figure, fear-
some beyond all description.

KONG!

Ann screamed.

The horror, the overwhelming fear
& degradation of that cry carried down
to the beach where the boats were just
landing, and Jack & Denham as well
as the skipper were tumbling out of
them in frenzied haste, and all there
racing towards the wall.

The gigantic figure of Kong came
slowly nearer the altar.

He did not at once look at Ann.
Instead his glance traveled along the
wall, surveying the tall silent natives
who must have seemed like the titans
of pygmies to him. They were his
subjects—his slaves.



Capt. Englehorn
(Frank Belcher)

WHEN KONG WAS BORN

Ann, to horror-struck to scream, kept her eyes on Kong. Her mind seemed keenly alert—she wondered why she hadn't noticed—she was astonished at her ability to grasp everything so clearly—and now she saw on Kong's face a look of surprise, Kong's ferocious face could be curiously expressive. It was a very old face—? millions years, in fact—and full of wrinkles from hardship & time.

He was the best of his race.

Chapter 10 HISTORY OF KONG

Shortly after his birth, his parents had been killed in a black battle with a 30-ton tyrannosaurus. The 1-ton orphan had had to fend for himself, battling a hostile world for existence, many times narrowly escaping death. When only 200 years old he had had a near-fatal encounter with a pterodactyl, a fight with the huge flying reptile which might have ended his life, but he was lucky & clever and not only killed the soaring monster but gathered its eggs for food!

As millions of years went by Kong grew huge & strong—king of his domain, ruler of the savage human beings who came & settled on his island—Skull Island—somewhere off the Malay Peninsula. The natives worshipped him as a god—and brought him appropriately living sacrifices.

For more years than his great brain could remember he had come to his sister to find a tender morsel to please his palate. Always before she had been dark, generally, black, sometimes brown—but never white, as now! And never had there been one with hair the color of gold!

Old Kong peered at her more closely, as the he distrusted his first impression. Then he tore away the vines that fettered her and picked her up in his huge paw. She seemed very small, like a living doll in a child-giant's hand. He held her close to his face, the best of his hearing lost & scorched her body.

Kong turned & lumbered off into the jungle darkness. In his hand he carried Ann.

Chapter 11 ANN IS LOST

Denham & Driscoll were covering the last 100 yards to the wall at break-neck speed. Behind them came the skipper & his men. They'd heard the shouts of the natives—they saw them on the wall waving their torches in a delicious farewell—and they knew that Ann was gone.

The warriors were storming down from the wall, they had seen the approach of the strangers.

"Open that gate," Driscoll ordered the sailors.

As a down-hammer made for the gate, an enormous growl—half fear, half rage—came from the natives. At last they got the bar down and tore open the windows. Jack Driscoll ran



Detail of painting by FM's late cover artist Albert Newhall, who recreated the original painting by O'Brien & Cobble that was the inspiration for the making of the movie KING KONG.



Memorabilia from *KONG* from Merian C. Cooper's own collection, displayed in Hollywood in the late 1960s.



to the opening just in time to see the giant ape smash with the girl he loved.
"My God!"

He fell back.

"What is it, Jack?" Denham croaked. Driscoll stared into the jungle, stunned. When he came to he reached for Denham. His big hand took Denham by the lapels of his coat. He slammed him against the wall.

"Curse you—she's gone! You—"

Driscoll screamed.

Denham's face grew purple with rage. He lifted his fist, then with swift understanding of the other's feeling, he dropped it.

"Sorry, Jack—I couldn't forget this—I'm going after her, Jack—I'll have her back to you—or else—"

"I'm with you, Denham—I lost my head."

"We're all going!" the natives yelled. "Who's got the gas bombs?" demanded Denham. "Alright, you & find the men, come with us. The rest of you & the slapper stay here—and keep that gate open—do you hear?"

Swiftly they searched out Denham, called over his shoulder once more.

"Whatever you do—keep that gate open, Englishers!"

Chapter 12 PURSUIT OF THE MONSTER

Driscoll & Denham led the natives straight ahead into the night. A hundred yards or so outside the great wall they came to a halt. They had plunged thru the gate heedlessly, in a fever of excitement and with only one thought—to rescue Ann from Kong. But now the appalling magnitude of their task smacked them with full force. Before them lay the mind-boggling, doubly dangerous

Above, tabletop shot of miniature work, below, with enlarged size live-action projected on screen behind cut out portion at top of theatrical stairs.



MONSTERS OF CREATION'S DAWN BREAK LOOSE IN OUR WORLD TODAY!



Never before had human eyes beheld an ape the size of a battleship!

CAUGHT between two monsters—the giant teleosaurus and KONG, the ape who ruled before Man!

THEY SAW the flying lizard, the fierce brontosaurus, big as towering skyscrapers . . . and all the living, fighting creatures of the infant world!

(Below) The giant ape leaped at the throat of the dinosaur and the death-fight was on! A frightened girl, in 1933, witnessed the most amazing combat since the world began!



"Here, sir!" The sailor who answered was scarily more than a boy.
"What's your name?" Jimmy? At right, Jimmy—you stick by me. Let's go!"

Chapter 13 "INTO THE UNKNOWN"

On they went. Now & then they stopped to listen for a sign from Ann or the frightful beast that had carried her off.

"What time is it?" Denham asked. "It must be almost sunrise."

"I don't care what time it is," Dink roared gloomily, "as long as it isn't too late."

"Look!" one of the men cried. The first streak of dawn light, sifting thru the trees, had fallen on a huge footprint.

"It's enormous," Denham exclaimed. "But we're on the right track—come on!"

They hurried on at increased speed. They found the marks meandering along the top of a vast crevasse. Down below they could make out dense shrubbery & the gnarled trunks of age-old trees. Eventually they came to an open glade. Here Kong's footprints were plainly visible in the soft earth. Some of the sailors broke into a run, dashing across the glade to the farther side where they disappeared in the forest.

They were out of sight not more than a minute before they came that way back—carrying with them. They went in a panic, throwing their weapons right & left. They were shouting a frantic warning, monotonous & incoherent, pointing all the while over their shoulders at the woods behind them.

Out of the primordial jungle, a rough like thunder heralding its approach, walked an enormous apelike beast, appalling beyond anything the eyes of modern man had ever beheld. The size of a Greyhound bus, it was armored like a tank, its dirty gray hide tough to the point of impenetrability.

In its barrel head, 2 vicious little eyes. Sprouting from its back, staling rails. A step-down.

Ten tons of nerve!

Chapter 14 "BATTLE WITH A BISMUTH"

Dinkard took aim with his revolver. Ten times he fired but the beast remained motionless except for its head which moved up & down massively.

The shots had no effect on it at all. Time stood still for a few clear bright seconds and then the great animal galloped into action, with astonishing speed for a body so big, discharged!

It opened wide its hideous jaws and the roar that issued from its raw and gullet clearly defied such things as pretty men made bullets to stop it in its tracks.

because its unknown terrors lay cloaked in utter darkness. Should they turn right or left or proceed straight for ward?

"What was he like, Jack?" Denham asked brusquely. "You got a glimpse of him?"

A look of pain passed across the first mate's face at the question. The thought of Ann, whom he loved more than he had ever thought it possible to love any one, in that monster's grip brought heads of perspiration trickling down his cheeks. His whole frame trembled.

"Denham—he was as big as a house. An ape of some kind—and he was mauling Ann in one hand—like you or I might carry a load of bread." Jack (Dinkard) almost sobbed.

Denham placed a kindly hand for an instant on the other's shoulder. He was silent, staring into the night, watching for the dawn to break. But when the next spoke he was himself again.

"Don't worry," he roared arrogantly. "No ape is going to make a monkey out of me. Where the devil are those gas bombs?"



We promised you the centered giant spider. Well... this isn't Ill Man that we don't have it—local Knigophiles like Mark McGee, Tim Dillenback, Chris Koppel, have seen it & could testify to that! But—just as we were about to publish it, Marcel Belgado found this rare preliminary sketch for us. We shot it would be unfilicimetic to publish it after showing you the actual spider, so we're running it first.

The men screamed & scattered for cover. Only Denzell and Denham with Jimmy by his side stood their ground. Denham, his feet planted wide apart, waited. All the thing was aimed on top of them.

Then he hurled a gas bomb.

There was a deafening roar as the bomb struck the animal, exploding just below its wedge-shaped head. A cloud of noxious vapor enveloped them, the brute stumbled, fell. Again it caved in rage & agony. The smoke was stifling, breathtaking.

Laughing, the 3 men threw themselves onto the ground. They buried their faces in their arms to escape the choking gas.

Finally, Denham ventured to look up. The smoke was clearing. He could see the huge beast staggering, rocking from side to side like a building shaken by an earthquake. Then it crashed to the ground with a roar like a herd of stamp.

Those gas bombs will bring down anything. Denham asserted with his teeth bared. We'll get your ape, alive, Jack!"

Never mind the ape, Denzell said sharply. "It's Ann we want to get on, we're losing her!"

As Denham's men warily started to rise just the momentary darkness of the fallen beast, the dinosaurous beast ed. Look out, he's still alive!" cried Denham.

A shot.

A roar.

"Even, that got 'em!" Denham declared confidently. Now that the danger was passed, he inspected the monster at close range with critical eye. "Look at the size of that thing!" he exclaimed.

It must be no bigger as a house!"

"What do you call this thing?" quipped Denzell.

"Why, something from the dinosaur family."

Denham, oh?"

Yes, Jack—a prehistoric beast."

It is but the first of many prehistoric beasts that they are destined to meet in this Lost World where dinosaurs still roam—and rule.



The Saurian Story of KING KONG—Stegosaurus, the spiked one; Brontosaurus, with the rubber neck; Triceratops, with the triple horns; Tyrannosaurus Rex, the King of the Prehistoric Beptiles—and Kong, the King of Them All!



Studia artist's concept of the Brontosaurus capsizing a boat. (In the film it became a hastily constructed raft.)



Rare Fats. An ornate therian, a dinosaur that didn't make it onto the screen in KONG and a model which seems to have vanished from the face of the Earth.

Chapter 15 FROM STIGOSAUROS to BRONTOSAURUS

There was a deafening roar as it struck the animal just before the head. A cloud of smoke enveloped them all—a stifling breath-taking smoke. Gasping, the three threw themselves on the ground. Then, horror their faces, their arms—to escape the choking gas.

Unafraid, Denham continued to look up. The smoke was clearing. He could see the huge beast staggering, its 4 horns rocking from side to side like the twin towers of a quaking shaker in an earthquake. Then it crashed to the ground.

Those gas bombs will bring down anything. Denham asserted with satisfaction. "We'll get your ape alive, Jack."

"Never mind the ape," Driscoll said sharply. "It's Ann we want. Come on, we're losing time."

The sound of splashing could be distinctly heard.

"That's her!" splashing there!" Denham shouted. "Come on—come on!"

The bank was steep & muddy. It was strewn with fallen logs. They stumbled down as best they could, guided by the sound of splashing water. As they reached the bottom the sounds ceased. Surely, they made out a gigantic figure disappearing among the trees on the opposite shore. Kong had crossed the stream.

A feeling of helplessness overcame Driscoll as he surveyed the barrier that confronted them. The stream was wide & deep. For the moment no way of getting across presented itself. Boasting with their guns & bombs was out of the question and without these they would be helpless against the great ape. They could hear Kong crashing his way deeper into the jungle.

Then Driscoll saw the logs.

"Yes!" he yelled to one of the sailors

"Get some vines. Run on it!"

In a minute he had the men busy assembling logs and lashing them together with the vines the big sailor brought. Spurred on by Denham and the mate, the men worked with accelerated speed. Each man, in a fever of excitement, strained every muscle to complete the task. They felt that they had won the trail. Not many minutes elapsed before the improvised trail was afire.

Denham was the first to leap aboard. A lance glistered above his eyes.

"Watch out you don't get those guns & bombs wet!" he shouted, as they loaded the raft.

They got on board, all but two, who waded up to their waists into the water, pushing the raft clear before they were helped aboard. With long poles the archaic raft was started across.

"Put your backs into it," Driscoll ordered. "And keep her upstream!"



KING KONG's hand! Giant metal armature is displayed by youthful Marcel Delgado (right) & his seldom seen brother. Below, the armature now covered by rabbit fur, Kong's hand goes into action as he grabs wrong girl in New York bedroom, mistaking her for Ann Sorrow.



They were in mid-stream. A great smile belated Carl Denham's hard mouth. A mass of mirrors now and then—Kong! And even as the hot flash ed across his mind he felt his arm gripped with a convulsive clutch. A snarl, his face ashen, his eyes bulging, was pointing. The men were incapable of speech, nothing but gasping sounds came from his chattering lips.

Denham looked.

"My God! A dinosaur!"

A huge ugly head moved itself slowly from the depths.

The men let out shrieks like terrified beasts. A mad frenzy seized them all. Frantically, they poled each in different directions. The unwieldy craft scarcely moved. No one heeded Denham's & Driscoll's orders. The ugly boat was on top of them now, its head raised higher & higher until the dripping jaws seemed to loom above them. Two of the sailors dove into the stream. Denham cursed and went for the monstrous pole in the center of the raft.

The dinosaur vanished below the surface.

Denham & Driscoll, one on each side of the raft, stood ready with bombs in their hands. With tense faces they strove desperately to see below the surface of the muddy water. Wide-eyed, the men watched them, too terrified to scream any longer.

Then the world seemed to turn up side down! The monster head came up underneath the raft. One side tilted steadily higher. The men strove by digging their finger nails into the logs to stay aboard. It was hopeless. With a gasping cry that was wrong in reason from their throats, they plunged into the stream. And with them the rifles and the bombs!

Driscoll & Denham sprang out separately for the shore where Kong had landed. The sailors followed—all except two that drowned.

Behind them came the brontosaurus body as big as an elephant's rear end, ending in a hungry neck like a swollen boa-constrictor.

The man, Tim, was a slow-wimmer. He was the last to climb up the soft bank. He heard the shouts of his comrades and turned, to look into the gaping jaws of the Jurassic juggernaut. With a piercing shriek he leaped out of reach and ran to the left. Wide-eyed he searched for a point of refuge. The lumbering beast was again almost on top of him.

Denham took a step forward. He kept his eyes on Tim.

"A hokey!" he snapped, reaching back with his hand.

And as Tim's faster answer came to him—"do you think I can swim with a box of bombs in my arms?"—Denham's hand went cold.

Tim had reached a tree. He shot up the trunk with the speed of a squirrel. It was an instinctive desperate action. But the brontosaurus was taller than the tree. In a fraction of a second it poked its head into the branches, there was a cry of stark terror from Tim—the men turned away as the monster lumbered off into the jungle with its prey.



Last thing ever seen by one of Denham's men.



Kong forlorn on the edge of his lonely ledge.

Latest WONDER MOVIE is TECHNICAL MARVEL

Battle of prehistoric monster
"King Kong" is a real
thing, making history by
moving, like "the Behemoth"
explosive



Doorway of the gigantic ape's prison

The most remarkable wonder
movie yet produced in "King
Kong" is that it is related
from the inside. It recounts the
adventures of a movie company
on location in New York a 50
foot ape, captured in a remote
district where prehistoric mon-
sters still roam. One of the
story lines where the ape, run-
ning wild, climbs to top of Em-
pire State Building and hovers
front of audience before he
is shot a girl with whom he
previously captured. Ingenious technical
methods centered in its produc-
tion such extraordinary scenes
as "King Kong" are explored
in this double page drawing. A
close-up of the ape's head is
shown at right, where the ape
shows signs of an ape's
face. The ape's head is shown
in profile, revealing its head
and pointed in film as
reverse. Production of such a
picture requires expensive care
in every phase of activity.



Light rays recorded at half
and 60 and projected in motion
on sound track, MAS technique
of prehistoric monster



Red light cast on back-
ground from rear



Camera used in which
Kong's head is already recorded
in the film. The ape's head is
shown in the film, but is not
yet in the film, but is not yet in the film.



Sound track
of Kong synchronized
with action of pre-
historic monster



New York City
Empire State Building
Model built on location. Mon-
ster in ape costume plays
building, apparently climbing
to top of building.



Filming
Empire State Building
Model built on location. Mon-
ster in ape costume plays
building, apparently climbing
to top of building.



Fighting planes projected on
screen from rear, size projected
100 ft. by 100 ft.
Camera shoots
through glass
screen, which is
100 ft. by 100 ft.
100 ft. by 100 ft.



Girl whose clanking in scene, by Age
of two, photographed
to get sound effect
shown in film.



Threatening planes
in flight, as in film
we now have 100 ft. of
the monster's head
in film.



On the Screen
The 50-foot ape
is shown climbing
Empire State Building
streets of New York
attacking
planes with his
teeth in back
ground.



These pictures
of the ape, climbing
the Empire State Building
are shown in film.

Reproduced from the pages of Modern Mechanics & Inventions for April 1933. But everyone on here
talked to who was concerned with the making of the picture frankly denies that a man in an ape suit
was employed at any time. Yet, when the late "monkey man" Chas. H. Moore died, the newspapers re-
ported that he had "played King Kong." (11)



Above, trunk in which Kong places Fay Gray prior to monumental battle with *Tyrannosaurus Rex*. Below, man about to be hurled into the Spider Pit. (Note *tyrannosaurus* at right, behind man. This did not appear in the scene on the screen.)





Kong vs. "Rex." In my opinion, one of the greatest imagi-movie sequents ever filmed. Hear it again in your mind's ear: Kong roaring & beating his huge chest, Rex hissing & looting his frantic fall thru the underbrush, the ground pounded by their savage stampings & leappings. A triumph of animation & sound innovation, a masterpiece of power & excitement.—Forrest J. Ackerman

Chapter 14

WHEN KINGS COLLIDE

"Is there a rule left?" Denham asked shakily. He read the answer in the men's faces and a feeling of absolute hopelessness confronted him. "What rule?" he mumbled to himself.

"I'm going on," said Brunsell doggedly.

The two of them started off. The sturdy women paused for an instant, then with a shout they followed. Wildly, they plodded on, blindly yet fearfully, never knowing what new horror would unexpectedly confront them.

Farther ahead, Kong was suddenly confronted by one of the daily dangers of his life—in fact, his greatest danger. Most of the island natives were merely game wide berth to the Kong but one, however, impetuously challenged his superiority.

"Yam-mee-mee! Hee!" Muth-won up-ought roared in a hoarse shrill note as he stalked close.

Mere a combat Kong had fought in more years than he could remem-

ber, with this personal enemy. One of the largest & fiercest of them all now confronted him.

Carefully he placed Ann in the crook of a tree, preparatory to tackling the toughest of all apes.

Raised then, a battle of behemoths the like of which no mortal eye had ever beheld, no human ear ever heard. Two prehistoric giants, mountains of muscle, fountains of energy, the green ape howling, roaring the huge silver-man howling, growling.

The very floor of the jungle shaking as this in the grip of an earthquake.

The air rent with the most hideous signals of combat ever torn from pre-mortal throats.

Huge hairy fists, pounding danger out flame-redged talons, slashing blood of Kong, blood of fire. Mordant sounds broken bones.

The crash of falling trees muffled with groans of surprise, screams of pain, snorts of defiance.

A struggle to the death between two kings.

And after an eternity, no raggedness life crashed from it, one of the two great heads lay dead.

Kong, Kong drew back and re-

vined his fallen foe. Then, in the time immemorial gesture of the triumphant bull ape, he bent his chest and the jungle reverberated with its thunder.

Chapter 17

TRUNK OF TERROR

Meanwhile, Denham and his men came to a bog. The ground was nothing but black oozy mire, impossible to cross. Denham considered. "Should they try to go around it?"

They skirted the bog on the left, the side on which Kong had landed. "Look, sir!" Jeremy shouted.

The men pointed to a spot some 50 yards away where a fallen tree had yed the ravine. Kong, carrying Ann, was making his way across to the other side.

It was a trying moment for Jack Brunsell. He was slower to Ann now than he had been at any time since Kong had carried her off. She seemed lifeless in the great ape's hand.

He ran, the men close behind him. They reached the tree just as Kong got to the other side. It was a big tree



Kang's mighty challenger & greatest jungle battle as first envisioned by the artist.



With monkey-like curiosity, Kong inspects his new "toy." (This scene frequently omitted from the cut down version shown on TV.)

and Dravell slipped out without his notice. Below, he could see the stern, bottom of the machine with sound-spreading-like creatures thinking about in a world of their own. "Watch, he and the men made their way along the tree. Derham was the last. As he was about to place his foot on the precarious bridge he stopped, arrested by a sound. He glanced then jumped back and hid in the bushes.

A 3-headed beast had followed and was staring deeply at the men on the tree.

Something must have warned Kong, that he was being pursued, for as Dravell was about to step off the tree, Kong returned. Frightened the men behind him started back, but not Dravell. Some 10 feet below the top of the ridge, he had seen what looked like a cave. Though vines were hanging down, Dravell jumped. His clanking ringers caught the vines and he let himself down to the cave.

Kong, some bewildered at this, and then disappointed, he placed Ann on the ground and hurried over the edge to look down. He seemed to sense

rather than to see the man directly below. His long arm reached down, pulling into the opening. Dravell, shown far back in the cave, felt that it was only a question of a few minutes before that exploring hand would reach him. In desperation he pushed out his hand and slashed at the great paw. Kong drew his hand back with a whistling "pop" sound and looked at the wound.

He looked at the tree crowded with the cables and began grunts to look at the men and at his feet. They started back only to discover their retreat cut off by the tree above. Kong looked at the tree, dumping half the net on to the bottom of the cave. His call, helpless, couldn't bear the night below—a giant spider reaching down and the fallen cables.

Again Kong reached down with his paw, and once more Dravell started at with his knife. Somehow Kong connected his assistant with the tree. He reached it more easily, dislodging all but 2 of the cables who, lying cross ways on their stomachs managed to hang on.

The great ape growled. He hunched himself as if to gather all his strength and grasping the end of the tree he dashed it to the bottom of the cave. For a moment he looked down, then, satisfied that he had disposed of his enemies, picked up Ann and strode off.

The triple-headed harrier had gone, and Derham cautiously came out of the bush. He could see Dravell across the way in the cave. He waved his arms in a gesture that meant nothing to the rope.


"Go back," shouted Dravell. "Go back and get some more men—and some bombs."

For a minute, Derham stood motionless. Then

"Alright, back. I'll try to get back. Maybe we won't see each other again. So long. Good back." And he was gone.

Chapter 18 HORROR BELOW —AND AHEAD

Dravell alone stood considering. He shook his head out of the cave and



Kong places his precious "doll" in the fork of a tree, properlyately he doing battle with his dread adversary, Tyrannosaurus Rex.



SIZING HIM UP

8TH WONDER

The 8th Wonder of the World was the height of 8 gorillas with arms raised.

looked up. There was no sound, no sound of Kong.

"No sound?" But—wait! Something slithered. Below.

He looked down.

And nearly fainted.

It was something indescribable, some abomination of nature crawling up from the maw of Dante's unfrozen Hell, powerless against it. With ugly, horned, scaly, he scrambled up a rope-like vine like an Olympic athlete.

Once on his feet at the top of the vine, he started off in pursuit of Ann.

The ape had disappeared but his trail of broken branches with an occasional enormous footprint was plain enough. Thrued! followed.

As Ann opened her eyes, she saw the great figure of Kong leaping over her. A piercing scream escaped her. Kong's worried face assumed an expression of surprise. Again she felt his great paw around her waist and as he straightened himself he killed her up,

inspecting her curiously.

"He screamed. Jack? Jack?"

Kong's eyes widened in astonishment. He shook her a little to see if she would do it again, and when she made no further outcry he turned disappointed.

A new idea came to him. He must be on his way to his home. His eyes leaped into the distance when Ann could see the mountain that looked like a skull.

Thrued! a few hundred yards to

him, was prowling steadily after him, but Kong was nothing.

One or two he tossed Ann from his side and looked at her with that same quizzical expression on his face.

Chapter 19 THE KING'S CASTLE

Before them lay the mountain. To the right a steep cliff that led to Kong's lair.

The ground began to rise and presently there came to a great ridge—Kong's castle. There was a shaft of light that shone thru the back of the cave thru a feature in the rock. The light dimly illuminated a rocky lagoon.

The great ape sat down beside the black waters and placed Ann on the ground before him. For a second she stood there, motionless, staring at him wide-eyed in horror. Then she started to run.

Kong reached out & pulled her back. He stood her before him.

Again she ran, and again. Always he recaptured her with ease. The game seemed to please him. He was playing with her as a cat a mouse. And, while playing, he failed to notice what had crawled, slithered, from the depths of the dark rocky waters near at hand.

An enormous red lion-scorpion? When over it was, it suddenly was about Kong's neck a constricting collar that threatened to cut off his wind. He choked at his throat, tore the offending thing from his body, threw it to the ground. But with the roset of a spring the algephy, coiling thing was back upon him, wrapping its powerful folds about his breast chest, squeezing the breath from his body.

Again Kong tore the twisting writhing snake-shape from him, pelted it with a fist. Again it clodded his grasp, wound itself about him.

He fell. It squeezed. He pounded the rock floor in anger. Then with one great effort he tore it a last time from his body, slammed it dead hard down, pelted it with his huge heavy fist.

The repulsive thing lay still dead. But he could not quite trust it. He held it in his hand like a piece of soft as soggy rope, and examined its limp neck quizzically.

Chapter 20 THE ENEMY FROM THE AIR

Satisfied at last that his latest attack or would trouble him no more, Kong picked up Ann and carried her out into the open air atop his den. There, he was King of the World.

Temporarily at peace with the world, he turned his full attention now to examining his prize. He poked at her nose, snout, snoring in wonder at her constant snoring. It amazed him to observe how easily she came apart, how her skin?—he did not recognize it as clothing—was so easily removable from her person by his great fingers.

But before he had plucked away too much of her dress, he heard a sound



Skeleton of Kong! The armature that Marcel Delgado created & Willis O'Brien animated. (Foto courtesy Jim Donerath.)

that distracted him. It was Driscoll, who had tracked him to his nest, and was now looking behind a boulder by the lagoon.

Kong left Ann to investigate. As he roared Driscoll's hiding place, with animal cunning Kong seemed to arrive him there. He tried to peer over the top of the enormous space to see what was behind it. Then he started around it. Driscoll kept moving, always keeping the boulder between himself and Kong.

Ann, half-fallen from her ordeal, lay on the exposed ledge, panting for breath, attempting to regain her strength.

"Suddenly" from out of the air there came a hair-raising commotion, an experiment of nature, half bird, half myth—a "pterodactyl" swooping up Ann in its high claws. It was about to fall down with her on its awkward great leathery black wings when—

An outraged Kong appeared on the scene! Comprehending the situation at a glance, this savage intruder was seeking Ann's sacrifice, the one he felt his native subjects had given him, the one he had bought her and the lake creature to keep.

He roared "Ya-ated! Caught the pterodactyl as a man might a bat—and proceeded to swing its neck, rend its wings, batter it to death.

In his distraction he did not notice that Driscoll had moved in, scooped up Ann, and with her clapping tightly

around his neck, had started to lower himself and his precious cargo down a convenient thick vine hanging from the overhedge.

Chapter 21 THE ESCAPE ATTEMPT

Hand over hand, Driscoll was a short way down the vine when Kong noticed Ann was missing. Quick to investigate, it was not long before he discovered her attempted avenue of escape.

Ravaged, Kong began pulling up the vine so a totemman his fire. Starting, Jack is Ann to swinging dangerously to & fro. With every increasing arc they threatened to dash against the ragged rock wall.

Then Ann began to slip! With her warning strength it became quickly obvious that she could not hold on to Jack much longer. And besides—on what end? Only to be pulled up into terrifying captivity again by the monster ape? (Jack undoubtedly killed out right, smashed to a bloody pulp with one hammer blow from the inflated plant?)

It was a long shot but they risked the only way out. They let go.

They fell & fell until at last their fall was broken—

By the hard & icy waters below. The swift flowing river moved them and carried them quickly from the peril of immediate capture by Kong.

THIS IS IT! The censured spider at the bottom of the ravine into which Kong shook most of Denham's men from the leg. 5 years from now we will probably have to suffer another set of Doubting Thomases who are just a little too young to be buying this issue but by then will be all of 12 and will be writing in to challenge our statement that we were the first (after 30 years!) to bring you the Spider Foto from KING KONG! We are counting on you, who are seeing it for the 11th time now, to come to our defense in 1965 when the new crop of Doubters starts heckling us! (Historic foto from the personal possessions of the late Willis O'Brien.)





One of Denham's brave men dies at the jaws of a ferocious dinosaur.

Chapter 22

DENHAM RETURNS

Englehorn with his men stood peering anxiously thru the opening. Hours had gone by and still there was no sign of Denham and the rest.

At some distance the sinister natives were grouped. There had been some trouble at first but a few shots over their heads had quieted them down. It was their first contact with firearms. Now they stood, muttering, their fear equally divided between the strangers with their thunder-sticks and the terrifying thought of the great ape tearing through the open gate.

From atop the lookout post on the wall, a sailor shouted: "There's someone coming!" The other natives jammed the gateway, their rifles ready, prepared for any emergency.

Snagging thru the shrubbery, his

clothes torn to shreds, came the figure of Denham. He fell into the skipper's arms completely exhausted.

"A drink!" he gasped. "Give me something to drink."

In dazed phrases he finally managed to tell them what had happened.

"I've got to go back. I've got to go back, now," he said grimly.

"Give me a few men, Englehorn, and some gas bombs. Ann's back there and . . . Jack."

Another shout from the lookout on the wall. This time there was a triumphant note in his voice.

"Here they come! It's Driscoll & Miss Ann!"

The man was right.

Chapter 23

KONG AMOK

"What happened?" "How'da do

it?" A chorus of voices eagerly queried the pair.

"Came down the river," explained Driscoll breathlessly.

"Wait a minute—what about Kong?" The question came—insistently—from Denham.

Driscoll's temper flared short.

"Well . . . what about him?"

"We came here to get a motion picture and we found something worth more than all the movies in the world! We've got those gas-bombs—if we can capture him alive!" Already Denham's vivid imagination was running away with him.

See Driscoll had had a helpful. Besides, Ann's safety was now his chief concern. "Why, you're crazy," he snarled. "Besides . . . he's on a cliff where a whole army couldn't get him."

"Yeah . . . if he stays there. But we've got something he wants."

Driscoll's eyes narrowed. "Some-





Run for your lives! The Great Gate of Skull Island is open—and the captive King is loose!

thing he won't get again!" he promised.

Suddenly, in the forest, outside the great wall, there was a tearing & crumpling. Frightful shrieks went up from the natives. "Kong! Kong! Kong!" they cried in terror.

"Beat that gape!" the skipper roared.

But the gate could not shut out the roar of Kong. Over the wall the huge beast's voice bellowed, threatening like the boom of a mighty cannon.

Then there was a total silence. Grimous Sisk!

With a thunderous crash, Kong hurled his whole huge body against

called his men. He was the old Denham once more, impetuous & arrogant. Fortunately, the men had returned their weapons in their mad flight, while the shadow of Kong loomed over the tops of the bars. Denham stood in the open square, a gas bomb in each hand.

Kong, snarling & outraged, tore the roof off the first hut he came to. He thrust in a huge hairy arm, withdrew a howling native. He regarded the struggling figure in his paw, then dropped it to its death.

Spears & arrows whistled thru the air, cracking Kong's tough hide enough to annoy him.

He toppled another hut, steering

Two strides and Kong felt something strike him on the chest. It wasn't a heavy blow; ordinarily, Kong would not have heeded for so trivial an attack, but a sound accompanied that blow—a sound such as Kong had never heard before. Kong stopped in his tracks. That sound seemed to have deflated his ears and, worse than that, a smell unknown to Kong was making his eyes water—was filling his lungs with something that cut off his breath, choking him.

Desperately but blindly he lunged toward the little white man in the square. He felt himself cut, bewildered, he tried to make his instincts



KONG PICKS UP FAY

the gate.

Another silence—another roar—another crash.

The gate bulged inward . . . a third crash . . . and the doors split open. Kong loomed up before them, a towering breast-beating mass of fury!

With unearthly cries the natives fled for their huts. The white men followed. Denham looked around for Ann but Driscoll was already running with her in his arms toward the beach.

An instant Denham hesitated. A shadow flickered across his face. Then he ran with the rest.

In the heart of the village Denham

native about like matchsticks.

One wide-eyed warrior he crushed into the mud like a rag doll.

Chapter 24

CAPTURE OF THE KING

Kong came to the square and stopped.

There stood a man who did not flee from him, who barred his way single-handed. Hatred darkened Kong's features. This man was different from the natives—he looked like the man who had stolen his golden bride!

With a monstrous cry of passion Kong went for Denham.

FAY TAKES KONG IN HAND!



hurling. Another blow and again that incredible noise that sounded to him something like thunder close at hand.

Then Kong toppled to the ground and knew no more.

On the rate that was to witness the first exhibition of Kong, the vast theater that Denham had hired had filled to overflowing. The great ape had been transferred backstage from the ship with the utmost secrecy & great skill. The big truck (the sort used for the transportation of huge girder) had been completely covered so that no one caught a glimpse of Kong. Then followed days of



clever press-agents so that every man, woman & child in the area of Greater New York knew that "The 8th Wonder of the World" was coming.

There was \$10,000 in the box office the first night.

Backstage, Denham briefed his press "Kong could have stayed with where he was but he couldn't stay away from Beauty."

Then, his reputation preceding him, the master showman stepped out in front of the curtain. "Ladies & Gentlemen—" he cut thru the applause. "I am here tonight to tell you a very strange story, a story so strange that no one will believe it. But, Ladies & Gentlemen, seeing is believing, and we—my partners & I—have brought back the living proof of our adventure, an adventure in which 12 of our party met horrible deaths. And now, before I tell you any more, I am going to show you the greatest thing your eyes have ever beheld—

"KONG!"

At a signal, the curtains slowly rose.

Cries of astonishment rose spontaneously from every corner of the auditorium, as the body of the behemoth was revealed in its entirety. "Don't be alarmed, Ladies & Gentlemen!" Denham cut reassuringly. "These chains are made of cheese steel."

Then he introduced the audience to Ann Darrow. "Bravest girl I have ever known, who has lived thru an experience no other woman has ever dreamed of."

Kong was truly a magnificent spectacle. The confusion of the stage

made him seem even more immense than he actually was. And yet something about Denham's words seemed to be cutting down his size. "He was a King and a god in the world he knew but now he comes to civilization merely a captive, a show to gratify your curiosity."

Was this the destiny for which Kong had been born millions of years ago? A proud monarch, ruler of all he surveyed, now reduced to a freak of Nature for the entertainment of men in pants & top hats?

Kong looked down at the little woman and roared & roared. The volume of his roar was as great as ever but to Ann it lacked something that spoke of triumph, of fearless superiority.

Chapter 25 THE KING BREAKS FREE

Slowly, Ann forced herself to look at the great ape. She looked into his huge brown wrinkled visage, with its gleaming white teeth as big as elephants' tusks, and shuddered. Kong's expression was one of hurt helplessness. His abused brain was unable to grasp the catastrophe that had overtaken him. He, the great Kong, who had ruled a world and held it in a grip of fear, was helpless before a crowd of chattering little apes.

The bewildered beast looked toward Ann. Jack Driscoll had his arm protectively around her. Kong felt a pang of jealousy. He disliked someone else sharing his possession.

That alone—the sight of Ann in the arms of another—might have spurred him to a Gargantuan effort

to be free, but if that were not enough, now the element of fear was introduced. Flashlights began popping in his face.

The photographers were firing away like mad, now, every newsman, magazine representative, free-lancer striving to capture a pictorial record of Kong's debut.

The flashing flashes distracted Kong, distressed him. He longed to snuff out the barrage of burning spotlights that blinded him, cover his aching great red eyes.

Rumblings came from deep within Kong like the din of an earth quake. They reached his throat and exploded, shaking the auditorium with their vibrations.

Terror spread thru the audience like wildfire in a tinder dry forest. People panicked, rose for the exit, wild animal-like cries issuing involuntarily from their throats.

Denham's shouts for order, the ushers' futile admonitions, the hand of the stampeding mob—all suddenly were silenced, hushed by an overriding sound, the sinister snap of Kong's chains!

"The monster was loose!" The audience broke murder-machine modern society had ever seen was uncontrolled!

Kong's jungle-cry of freedom & revenge rang out into the automated steel-stone jungle of startled humanity in autos & about. Above the roar of men and clang of traffic, a sound unknown to civilized ears, the lion-like beat of giant fists on giant steel.

Soon names would be screaming all over the city. Pandemonium reigned

Chapter 26 NEW YORK AT BAY

Only Driscoll paid no attention to the uproar of the madcrowd rioting. He picked up Ann and dashed her thru the wings and out into the night. His hotel was across the street.

Behind him came Kong. But the revolving doors which formed the entrance to the hotel were an effective barrier to the pumpled ape. They were too small for him to pass thru. Baffled, and jabbering with rage, he looked up at the tall structure that confronted him. A few floors above, a girl was near a window, wondering what was causing the commotion in the street.

To Kong this could be no one but Ann.

He reached up, grasped hold of the stone coping above and started to climb the building. The window ledges made convenient steps. He reached the girl's window, reached in and wrapped his big paw around her.

He gave her one glance and flung her back into the room, a look of disappointment on his face. Determinedly, he climbed from floor to floor, peering thru each window as he went.

Ann & Driscoll were shooting up in an elevator. Jack led her, sobbing, to his room.

"There," he comforted, "you're safe here, darling." How wrong he was, both were shortly to know.

"Jack, it's terrible, it's just like being back on the island!" She dropped, trembling, on the bed.

Outside, in the roaring world of

New York, tragedy was in the making, men's agony.

An elevated train, packed with commuters, sped along its skyway track. Suddenly, ahead, before the horrified eyes of the motorman, an unbelievable sight: the huge shaggy head of Kong!

The electricity of the third rail jolted Kong with an unpleasant shock. As he always needed to unplug things, Kong instinctively struck out. With tight clenched fist he pounded down on the railroad tracks, splitting them apart so that they were made of solder.

The motorman tried to brake the roaring express train but—too late! The doomed passengers were flung forward, whirled about like limp rag in a washing machine. Their bodies were broken, knocked unconscious, upside down, thru shattering glass windows, hurtling onto the sidewalks below.

Like scardies splitting fern from gas-burnt side of rust-thin tin cans! Ann Kong cracked the cars open like nuts as they were dented. Then resumed his search for Ann.

Chapter 27 ANN IN PERIL

He found her half-fainting, screaming.

Now he started to climb with her, away from the shocks & shocks of pursuing humanity.

Where the room of an adjoining building was lower, he climbed down where it was higher, he climbed up.

Finally, Ann stopped screaming. She was wide with fear. Whatever

they came to the end of a street, she could feel Kong gather himself to leap across. Below, she could faintly hear the excited shouts of the milling crowds and the much louder wails of the sirens attached to the fire engines. She could see the beams of the searchlights crossing back & forth, trying to locate him.

Finally a shaft of light struck & held them. The roar of the crowd rose in volume. Kong stopped & blinked. He went on. He was making soft crooning noises to himself.

He came to a halt and looked up. The building next to them seemed to rise sky majestically. A queer pained sound came from his throat. Here was a thing there for Kong—the Empire State Building!

He made his way up, each window a single step, till he arrived at the very top. The searchlights kept him in view. He came to the shining dome. He placed Ann down beside him, stretched his arms, pounded his chest and roared. Over him, king of all he surveyed.

Ann lay huddled where he had placed her. She looked fearfully about. She saw no avenue of escape, no place where she could hide. In the east a few lighted. In a few minutes the sun would be up.

Off to the left of her, came a faint whirling noise.

Chapter 28 LAST CHAPTER FOR A CHAMPION

Kong was puzzled—a flock of pterodactyls approaching, greater than he had ever seen? But Ann recognized the familiar team of airplane men. There were 6 of them,



4
Somewhere in the mists of the Mirogo World exists another version of KING KONG where he was exhibited in Yankee Stadium instead of a theater. In both worlds he broke loose! (An extremely rare drawing made prior to actual production of the movie.)



Dramatic drawing showing scene as it would eventually look on film when Kong shook down half of New York for Fay Wray.

King Kong and I send greetings
to the readers of Famous Monsters
of Filmland Magazine from
The Lost World

Sincerely,
Marcel Delgado

Kong's creator sends greetings to our readers!

and when they were close enough they formed a circle, whirling round & round the dome.

Uncomprehendingly, Kong watched them—and roared.

The landing plane came very close. Now the tactics became familiar to Kong; he had been attacked like this before by great birds on his island. He stood motionless, teeth bared.

Presently, as he had expected, one of them came too close. He reached out, grasped it by the wing, broke it, flung it crashing to the sidewalk hundreds of feet below.

He pounded his chest and roared defiance at this world of pygmies that mocked & hurt him.

Now a new sound came to his ears—accompanied by many small pains. The source of the sound & the pains was perplexing to him but Ann recognized the chatter of machine-guns. She crouched lower for



Sketch by artist (Byron Crabbs?) of Kong attacked & attacking on his island. Here & hereinafter Fay Wray & Bruce Cabot as Ann Darrow & Jack Driscoll in circle.

protection from ricocheting bullets.

Kong was mystified, angered. Peppery little things began to strike him in the chest, about the face, on his neck, things that stung—burned—brought forth blood.

Anxiously he looked down at Ann.

Once more he faced the vicious birds that kept out of his reach but spun hot lead at him. The bits of fire kept biting his chest, compounding his hurt. He felt them penetrate his body, making him cough.

He roared louder, more menacingly, waving his great arms wildly—

But the killer birds would not go away.

He was the strongest thing on earth and it frightened him to feel a weakness he had never known before. His vision was blurring, his breathing becoming labored, his head fuzzy, dizzy, swimming.

He looked round, pitifully, for Ann. There a blood-red haze he

reached down to grasp his golden doll.

Now the pains were becoming multiplied, unendurable, as the death-birds grew bolder, diving at him like burning bolts of lightning.

His head seemed to be filled with angry stinging bees.

His throat was on fire.

Another dive, another burst of sound, Niagara-loud in his ears, lava-hot on his body.

His grip on the mooring mast of the Empire State weakened.

He looked sadly at Ann.

Took one more futile swipe at a fire-bird.

Took one more charge of lead in his burning throat.

And then—

His hand loosened, his finger lost contact with the spire.

He tumbled on the brink of oblivion.

Floated high in the sky between

death & eternity.

Lost his balance entirely and plunged 102 stories, to shatter the concrete of Manhattan below . . . and every bone in his giant body.

* * *

"Let me thru, officer—my name's Carl Denham." Denham elbowed his way thru the mob and police barrier to the side of Kong as the crowd picked up his name and echoed it "Denham! Oh, that's the man who captured the monster!"

The officer smiled as he gazed at the inert body of the conquered beast. "Well, Denham," he said with smug satisfaction, "the airplanes got him."

But Denham, with an inner eye of philosophical reflection, saw more clearly. "Oh, no," he corrected, "it wasn't the airplanes—" And then he spoke the famous 6 last words that rang down the final curtain on the tragedy of Kong.

"It was Beauty killed the beast."

YOU AXED FOR IT!



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SON, BOB ORTEGA, TONY MULLINS, ROBERT BONNER & LEE PAUL MINNIS. (Hey, folks—it's VINCE in whom
you're supposed to evince an interest—not Vulcano!)



BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB flows for WIL WILLMARTH, MIKE A. CAPPOTTO 24, RICKY SKINNER, MIKE WILDE, FRANK MAUCKSON, BRYAN MOOSE, PHILIP BARTMESS, ANDY D. FAIROR, JAN & JOE BLACK, RALPH CLEMENTS, DONNY BARBER, MARK STAKEN, GREG KETTER, SCOTT FRASER, KEVIN L. SMITH, JOHN FEARNLEY, EDDIE F. KRUGER, JOE O'GRADY and ADAM, BOB, & JOHN JR. CIOPI.



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YOU AXED FOR IT!

Something new—a still from THOMAS—is shown for ROGER MCKEE, PAUL FLORES, ALAN OLSON, JOHN E. MORMA JR., RUST CRUPPENDING, ARTHUR BAKER, KENTON SIM, TOM TIMMERMAN, STEVE BROWN, BONNIE MEADE, JEFF JUMPER & RULT WISE.





One of the **VAMPIRE PEOPLE** makes a midnight appearance (with winged friend) for **DAVE SUPULSEL C. NEW**, **NAYAH COHEN**, **ERIK DONALDSON**, **JAMES L. DIXON 3d**, **SANDY WYATT** & **CARLEY REED**.



Fair Warning, **CHAS. BRADSHAW**, **DAVID LANGE**, **G. BANKS**, **DENNIS CHAN**, **JIMMY GODWIN**, **SCOTT MALLOY**, **TRAVIS CHEER**, **JOHN B. GRAHAM**, **JOHN FERRULO** & **TERRY CURREN**. Beware **THE WEREWOLF VS. THE VAMPIRE WOMAN**.

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Q Hope you can help me, Professor. For years I've been trying to unearth photos and information on the film **THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLER**. Let's see what you can do! **ANNE MARIE STRZELICKI**



ROMAN POLANSKI

Director, as camera looks on as threat meets Count Krolock

A The film was originally entitled **YOUR TEETH IN MY NECK**, and starred Farley Mays as the vicious Count Krolock. Here the vampire displays his own philosophy of life to the Professor (Jack Magrowers) and Alfred (played by director Roman Polanski). The spoof was released through Metro-Goldwyn Mayer.

Q Was it Lon Chaney Sr. or Bert Kahr (left) or Boris Lugan who played **THE GOLEM** in the classic film? **JEFF FREY MORRISON**



PAUL WEGENER

The monster who's told as the Rock of Gibraltar

A Actually, Jeff, it was none of the above. The legendary man of stone was portrayed by Paul Wegener. The man-monolith could be activated and deactivated by pinning the star on his chest.

Q I think if **THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE** is one of the finest science fiction movies ever made. Can you tell me in what year it was made, and who played the monster in it? **EDDIE BRUEGER**



RAY "CRASH" CORRIGAN

From serial star to urban resident

A Ray "Crash" Corrigan portrayed a martian stowaway in the exciting 1958 film. The monster was destroyed after being sucked through a vacuum into outer space. Other passengers on the first spaceship to the Red Planet included Marshall Thompson and Shawn Smith.

Q Could you please tell me who played Dr. Morbus in **FORBIDDEN PLANET**? Also, would it be possible to run a still of Hobby the Robot? **RICHARD T. WALKER**



WALTER RIDGEON

The bearded Morbus discounts the state of his home, the **FORBIDDEN PLANET**

A No sooner said than done. Rich Morbus was played by the great Walter Ridgeon. With him are Ruby Lister-Jones and the lovely Anne Francis. Miss Francis and Mr. Ridgeon were co-stars, again, in the film **FUN NY GIRL**.

Q I recently saw **THE OMEGA MAN** on tv, and would like to see a picture of the star Charlton Heston. **BRIAN LOYER**



CHARLTON HESTON

A change of pace for the superstar

A **THE OMEGA MAN**, a film adaptation of Richard Matheson's stunning novel **I AM LEGEND**, was Mr. Heston's third starring motion film, following **PLANET OF THE APES** and **BEYOND THE PLANET OF THE APES**.

BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES

where men & manapes
die like cattle...

long "battle" lines

IT looked like one of those legendary lines snaking round the block and queuing up to see **THE EXORCIST** if you lived in a big city the day they had the fantastic quintuple play of all 5 of the superman apes:

The original **PLANET OF THE APES**.

The mutant-menaced doings **BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES**.

The humor-laced **ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES** (all the heart-breaking ending with the brutal murders of Zira & Cornelius. (It was reminiscent, for name & poe, of **TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE** of a quarter century earlier, from the comedic hotel scenes to Tarzan & Jane in the courtroom.)

The vicious **CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES**, with its half-hour climax of riflebutts & blowtorches, bullets & blood.

And then, the last of the series, **THE BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES** with its ferocious finale of manapes & mutants in mortal combat.

In all, approximately 6 hours of the Ape Epic!

hail, caesar!

When Zira & Cornelius were killed in **ESCAPE**, they left behind a legacy of leadership in their infant son Caesar (Roddy McDowall), who was recognized for what he was by the kindly circus owner Armando (Ricardo Montalban) and raised to apeshood. Caesar led his enslaved ape-people in a rebellion against the human masters and, after the race of man had been beaten by the beastmen, Caesar reversed his role from that of battle commander to peacemaker. A kind of Perry Rhodan of the Ape People.



In the arsenal of the apes, Mondamus, Virgil & MacDonald arm themselves to fight.



WHEN APES "APE" MAN'S MILITANCY



Gorilla Leader Aldo (Claude Akins) drills his rebel troops.

journey to the city of the dead

In the future time when BATTLE takes place, the Mutant City with which we have become familiar in previous pictures is now a place of ruins.

Devastated, destroyed by the God of War—who seems to wreak his destructive will upon mannae as well as mankind.

Or man unkind.
Caesar has learned of the moldering mutant city and his natural monkey-like curiosity is aroused.

Is it possible old tape recordings might remain there?

Could he conceivably hear the voices of his dear dead parents, so cruelly butchered by men of an earlier time?

Or—a greater hope—perhaps he could even see his slaughtered mother & father!

How?

Via newswired footage which may miraculously still remain as projectible form.

So Caesar starts out to seek out the mutant city.

3 heads better than 1

But Caesar does not undertake his exploration

alone.

With him go

Virgil, a wise Orangutan played by Paul Williams.

And a black human friend, MacDonald (Austin Stokes).

the discovery

Some mutants are surviving underground.

When Caesar & his simian & human friend arrive at the city of the scared & disfigured humans, tho' their visit is intended as a peaceful one the main mutant there (leader Kelp played

by Severn Darden) reacts suspiciously.

"We must destroy the village of the apes before they decide to destroy us!" he tells his people.

aldo the ignorant

There is a subplot involving a stupid, belligerent gorilla (Aldo, played by Claude Akins).

The warlike gorilla creates a band of followers around him, intent on wresting Caesar's hard-won "kingdom" from him.

As if there were not enough tragedy in Caesar's life already, the life of his own son is taken

behind the simian scenes

Veteran actor John Huston was the Lawgiver whose facial features were hard to disguise even behind John Chambers' masterful makeup and whose distinctive voice was heard to advantage as, in a flashforward to a future day, he was seen telling a generation to come the story of **THE BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES**. His listeners, a rapt audience of ape & human children. (The theater where I saw the picture

also had a mixture of both.)

Lee Ayres, who goes way back in imagi-movies to **DONOVAN'S BRAIN** in 1953, was seen as the apeman Mandaricus.

It was, unfortunately, to be the last picture for its producer, Arthur P. Jacobs, whose death we had regretfully to announce in **FM #103**.

revenge of the apes

Young **FM** fan John Lundin, who wrote, directed & played the incredible apeman in **SCHLOCK**, escaped typecasting by appearing



The gorilla guerrillas prepare to attack the mutants.

as a known in **BATTLE**.

"Before I was thru with my part, tho," he confided to FM in an exclusive interview. "I was thinking nostalgically of the days when I was portraying a *Schlockthropus*."

FM: "Why, wasn't it awfully hot & uncomfortable in the suit Rick Baker created for you?"

Landis: "Yes, but at least they only shot fake bullets at me."

FM: "You mean the mutants shot *real* bullets at you in **BATTLE**?"

Landis: "No, but when I got mixed up with the rebel gorillas, my scenes got pretty violent. They were jumping on me, stomping me, grabbing me by my long hair—and that was just in the rehearsals!

only had Godzilla squashed me or King Kong had put his foot down on me like in one of the censored scenes in the native village which has now been put back but like the entire population of Tokyo and a few people in from the suburbs had run over me—and I don't mean with rickshaws."

FM: "Isn't it the Chinese who use rickshaws?"

Landis: "Don't get technical or I'll show you my kung fu chop."

FM: "With the price of meat what it is now days, it would be the first chop we've seen in months."

ape-pauling discovery

With 8000 people (!) milling around at the 1975



Underground survivors: Mordecai & Alma, mutants, played by Paul Stewart and Françoise Muyen.

"A director never knows just how much violence he'll want in his completed cut or how much will be allowed by the time his film reaches the screen or if a toned down version will be required for television so they shot my scenes several ways.

"Each more violent than the last!"

"The European version was bad enough but when they shot it for Japan . . .

FM: "Bloody, eh?"

Landis: "Well, let me ask you—have you ever seen **GODZILLA MEETS KAMBI**?"

FM: "You mean the short shown in the *Horror Hall of Fame* special recently on TV?"

Landis: "The same. When I struggled painfully to my feet after that scene, I felt like not

Star Trek Con in Los Angeles, you'd think it would be difficult if not impossible to recognize a face in the crowd but FM's eagle eyes spotted a female who looked familiar.

FM: "Pardon us—but haven't we seen you somewhere before?"

Paula Crest: "Did you see **BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES**?"

FM: "Of course."

Paula: "I was in it! One of the prisoners in the compound!"

So that makes 2 fans of FM who fought on the side of the humans in **BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES**!

PLANET OF THE APES

PLASTIC HOBBY KITS!

Now there are four great PLANET OF THE APES plastic hobby kits. Each kit is made of clear plastic and is made in the USA. Each kit is made of clear plastic and is made in the USA. Each kit is made of clear plastic and is made in the USA. Each kit is made of clear plastic and is made in the USA.

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THE CRITIC'S CRYPT

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD a movie in two parts

One of the most horrifying films ever made, **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** is now a two-part serial by John Russo, a co-creator of the original screenplay.

A forerunner of the gross-out, no-holds-barred horror movies currently in vogue, the film has been a source of controversy. It was called by one critic, "A cheap black and white horror film (as though black and white were synonymous with cheap) and completely by New-wave as A true horror classic."

What has made the film a routine success at midnight screenings the world over? Why do terror film magicians (such as *Cinefantasia* magazine and *The Film Journal*) list **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** as a work of art? Why has it been displayed at the world-famous New York Museum of Modern Art?

One reason for its phenomenal success might be the ease with which an audience of reader can relate to characters in the past. Both the victims and the title ghoulies are and were everyday people, not unlike ourselves.

Whatever the reasons, this production has, in all, all the cannibalistic, suspense and gruesome goings-on have been translated from the screen to the printed page. And the reader remains intact, despite the danger in media. You will, for example, share our hero's terror as he not only battles but is killed by the undead before her very eyes. You'll wonder what has caused the dead to rise again and shall the world (or how will today's action army fight this different manner of menace.

A classic tale of the misadventure plus a series of photographs from the film make this novel a must for any buffs horror library.

PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN the Caribbean red

One of the most popular attractions of Disneyland is the Pirates of the Caribbean, ride an electronic wonder that combines the space-age technology of the computer with advanced skills in robotics.

Disneyland has provided thrills for millions of people with its light-hearted, authentic look at an era gone by the Age of Piracy.

Now MPC has released a terrific new set of model kits featuring the very special sailors that haunt the catboats of Disneyland. And that's not all! After building one of the exciting intricately crafted Seven Seas Pirates, flip the lever and he will perform a variety of surprising deeds. The Pirates to the wonderful impression known as ZAP-ACTION.

Imagine a ghostly, skeletal being that was once a worthy sailor but a member of the marauding galleons that roamed the Caribbean in search of booty. Now he is marooned, forever chained to forgotten trees, as free from the sea comes an aligator to feast upon the rotting and bleached bones of a once living pirate. Suddenly the skeletal figure comes to life and drops his cutlass in a flash upon the wretched reptiles about. And as the drama unfolds, a full spectacle of the eternal battle is captured and etched by the new Pirates of the Caribbean model. Condemned to Curse Forever.

Also included in the kit are some assembly instructions, a background paper on both the Age of Piracy and the other kits in the line. Plus, An already assembled 5 1/2" vacuum formed plastic plaque of the Disneyland Jolly Roger to be prominently displayed on the wall or as a backdrop to the model.

Here is a great list



FRIGHT

a novel in the House of the Night of the

During the whole of a dull, dark and soundless day in the autumn of the year when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens I had been passing little on horseback through a singularly dreary tract of country and at length found myself in the shadow of evening drawn on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher.

Thus begins a spine-chilling tale by the all-time master of horror Edgar Allan Poe.

Our narrator is a friend to one, Madeline Usher. Visiting her friend, he discovers that Madeline has been in an advanced state of physical and mental deterioration. This caused by a combination of her who is blind and terminal illness. Hard upon the wife dies and the narrator works to rid Usher of depression and strange delusions. Needless to say, in true Poe tradition, the wife returns from her coffin to haunt her husband, and our hapless narrator barely escapes with his life as the shriveled House of Usher is ripped asunder by a terrible internal storm.

This record album features one of the world's great horror tales, narrated by one Richard Taylor. A male previously unknown to the film, this novel makes that he is one of the great sought after thriller actors on the scene today. Uncovered is an old Broadway show producers found the voice mythifying.

Unfortunately the only thing mythifying is why Mr. Taylor was chosen to narrate this album. His voice is not a bad one but hardly ever more above a whisper.

However if you're a Poe completist this record is for you. The story is certainly worth hearing even if the narration lacks something to be desired.

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

HOUSE OF
FRIGHT

GUANT TO RED BALLOON

Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! Nope, it's none of the above. That large, red, inflated object in the atmosphere is none other than a giant, 10' diameter red balloon.

Case History #4425: Residents in a small rural town are routed from a deep sleep, greeted by a menacing invader from Mars. It's another of Orson Welles' 'Halloween prequel' Not just a couple of young, Martian invaders, leaving a little fun with the community by painting themselves 'flying saucers' on the big balloon!

Case History #4578: A group of adolescent boys take a game of soccer with the 10' large monolith. It's a free-for-all, but this time, all day as men and limbs are swallowed up by the gigantic sphere. Not unlike the 1938, the flying creature moves as it swirls! The big balloon strikes again!

There are a thousand more examples of what could be done with the ten-foot orb. Think of the fun you could have by painting all members of monster and creatures on it. Or use it as a prop in one of your science-fiction (big balloon would make a great BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS) or in a working four inflatable giant (put the Goodyear in Bales to share). Or, if in many many other uses. Despite its size, or because of its size, it's perfect for advertising, or as a prop in one of your science-fiction (big balloon would make a great BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS) or in a working four inflatable giant (put the Goodyear in Bales to share). Or, if in many many other uses. Despite its size, or because of its size, it's perfect for advertising, or as a prop in one of your science-fiction (big balloon would make a great BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS) or in a working four inflatable giant (put the Goodyear in Bales to share).

And remember, it's made of genuine Hercules rubber for durability. And it's easily inflated.

The big balloon is back. Get yours before everyone on the block gets one!



MOVIE MONSTER KITS!

Make your own Classic Movie Film Character! Authentic like the Model Kits made at Disney plant. Or, the post that you can't wait with your own of and watch them glow in the Dark Fantastic!

"GLOW" FRANKENSTEIN



The most famous Movie Monster that Hollywood's movie studios ever produced! Now you can have him walk right across your bookshelf! Turn to last page of this magazine & order this 10-1/2" high movie monster! #2402 FRANKENSTEIN \$2.50

"GLOW" DRACULA



More movies of horror involving fewer! That's what this model of the reference Count is! His hands are outstretched, as he beckons his next victim! It might be YOU! Help a vampire get together, because! Certainly a MUST for terror freaks! Order #2404 DRACULA \$2.50

"GLOW" PHANTOM OF THE OPERA



Evil, the vile and tortured Mad Phantom of the great Paris Opera House! Horrid Glow in the Dark face of sheer Terror! Scorned and torn damaged face! Eyes popping in horror for all the world to laugh! Order #2405 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA \$2.50

"GLOW" FORGOTTEN PRISONER OF CASTLEMARE



He resides, now and forever, be chosen to his prison well in the dungeons of the Dark Castle! The man cursed wrongfully will spend his career back upon the unlucky! #2406 FORGOTTEN PRISONER OF CASTLEMAIRE \$2.50

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Striking absolutely forth from the land of the real Pharaohs, he plots! His skeleton-like bandages that keep him in fear! Curses, curses when Dark magic ruled the World! Now he crawls and creeps around... deadly! TO KILL YOU! #2403 MUMMY \$2.50

"GLOW" WEREWOLF



It's a hell made in the real! The very wild new monster is born! The phantasmic gray creature is so all filled with the spirit of the moon! The perfect of a feralness wild beast... THEN HE STRIKES! His large glowing at your throat sink into your throat! #2407 WEREWOLF \$2.50

"GLOW" CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON



Now you can build the gurgling gill-man who's nearly 300,000 years old! One of the most terrifying of the Frightful Felines is recreated in a real glow! #2408 CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON \$2.50

"GLOW" DR. JEKYLL AS MR. HYDE



He slashes by neck in agony! The serum is taking effect! His skin turns strange, now "worse", in brutal hue is spreading quickly from all the pores of his transformed body! His soul, too, is wringing, growing malignant! #2401 DR. JEKYLL AS MR. HYDE \$2.50

"GLOW" HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME



Quasimodo! His ugly church bells and kidnapping! Gypsy dances, suffering for tortured, his infernal! Quasimodo is Quasimodo in costume! #2403 HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME \$2.50

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Atomic Energy has brought him back to life, after a long million years of extinction! Now he prowls, rampages through cities, destroys, continents and maybe your own back shelf! The most popular Japanese film monster ever! #2413 GLOW GOOZILLA \$2.50

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You've seen her everywhere, from Madaket to Oz to the House on Haunted Hill! No corner is complete without her! What complete hobbyist can look into his broken mirror each night and want his dream's own this spell-bopper? Over 8" high! #2407 THE OLO WITCH \$2.50

"GLOW" KING KONG



The King of Kong! The Tat & bench! Secret of them all! He's the best, and he lumbers over 8" tall, with a tiny figure in his paw! You can bring him back to life to prove forever on your hobby shelf! Don't hesitate another moment to get the real! Order #2414 KING KONG \$2.50

SUPER-DELUXE LATEX RUBBER WHOLE HEAD MONSTER MASKS AND HANDS



THE MAD DOCTOR! Vile and venerable gent, he's crept through a hundred theatres and monster gas, unleashing hordes like the ones that follow. Kneeling hair, beard! Order #2530 THE DELUXE MAD DOCTOR MASK \$39.95



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THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA! Lon Chaney's immortal makeup masterpiece recreated for you classic horror books. Become a classic horror—you need! Truly gruesome, better believe! #2532 PHANTOM \$39.95



MR. HYDE! Surely the most brutal version of Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal monster yet! Be ruthless like Dr. Jekyll, Spencer Tracy or Jack Palance! Rambling Hydeout! #2534 DELUXE MR. HYDE MASK \$39.95



GORILLA LOOSE! That's what they'll say when they see you in this one! Ideal for all occasions, mainly unpleasant ones. Much reminiscent of vicious teeth, just! #2549 DELUXE GORILLA MASK \$39.95



THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON! One of the highest folk heroes of the Fifties! All latex-rubber and hand-painted in a green shade of green. #2536 DELUXE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON MASK \$39.95



THE WEREWOLF! Horrendously hairy and ferociously fanged! Frightfully Fanged by Hand, not Word & Hoof! Ideal & irresistible! Fierce! Not a little, but howling! Hairy! Certainly Scaring! #2531 DELUXE WOLFMAN MASK \$39.95



THE MUMMY! Lates head-piece shivered in, your friends will think you're taking apart! Hand-painted a beautiful face, this supernatural creature will even scare the mummies at home! #2531 DELUXE MUMMY MASK \$39.95



FRANKENSTEIN! The Monster's Monster! King of them all, complete with melted hair and bolts in forehead and two ghastly red stumps on his lightning-rod hand-painted face. #2542 DELUXE FRANKENSTEIN MASK \$39.95



THE MUTANT! The hideous creature that attacked this Island Earth! Its huge brain throbbing, pulsing, silver-pointed! The man-made monster, it is the fiercest, fiercest! #2532 DELUXE MUTANT MASK \$39.95



THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME! Quasimodo, deformed bell-ringer! Creeping crawling horror! Combines the best horrific source, & the most like versions of all! #2548 DELUXE HUNCHBACK MASK \$39.95



First "underground" feature! "underground" feature! Both hero masters of the lab, under, topped! Fists! Green & red with yellow jagged! Special! #2533 THE MOLE PEOPLE DELUXE MASK \$39.95

SPECIALLY DESIGNED HANDS & FEET TO GO WITH MASKS ABOVE



#2543 FRANKENSTEIN HANDS



#2551 GORILLA FEET



#2550 GORILLA HANDS



#2533 PHANTOM & MAD DOCTOR HANDS



#2535 HUNCHBACK & MR. HYDE HANDS



#2541 MUMMY HANDS



#2553 MUTANT HANDS



#2537 CREATURE HANDS



#2539 WOLFMAN HANDS

WHAT'S A MONSTER WITHOUT CLAWS?

Fish may gotta swim, but Lagoon Creatures gotta FIN their way through the swampy morass of Life. It's best to do one's terroring thing with these spectacular latex rubber pairs of hands, feet, fins, claws & paws. Specially designed & hand-painted to go with the Whole-Head Monster Masks pictured above. Some of these hands go with more than one mask. Each set is LOW-PRICED at \$19.95 a pair! Order 'em all today!

#2543 LATEX RUBBER FRANKENSTEIN HANDS (1 PAIR) \$19.95

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#2550 LATEX RUBBER GORILLA HANDS (1 PAIR) \$19.95

#2532 PHANTOM OF OPERA, OR MAD DOCTOR HANDS (1 PAIR) \$19.95

#2535 HUNCHBACK, OR MR. HYDE HANDS (1 PAIR) \$19.95

#2541 LATEX RUBBER MUMMY HANDS (1 PAIR) ONLY \$19.95

#2553 LATEX RUBBER MUTANT Pincer-LIKE HANDS (1 PAIR) \$19.95

#2537 LATEX RUBBER LAGOON CREATURE HANDS (1 PAIR) \$19.95

#2539 LATEX RUBBER WOLFMAN HANDS (1 PAIR) \$19.95

#2547 LATEX RUBBER MOLE PEOPLE HANDS (PAIR NOT PICTURED) \$19.95

MYSTERY PHOTO

NUMBER 74

MIND-BOGGLED? HORN-SWOGGLED?

Is it one of Harryhausen's creations? A monster man from Japan? A puppet from a Pol picture? An endorser from EQUINOX? The movie was in color, we'll give you that clue. And if that isn't enough memory glue to put it together, try taking JILL ATTACK KING HERB apart and putting it back together. Do it right and you'll have the title of this film, fail and —well—you'll just have to wait for the revelation next time.



ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO No. 73

This was the monster from *MISSILE TO THE MOON* that didn't even make a 3-year-old baboon wizen when it snatched a pork while a tribe of pigmies was projecting it in Darkest Africa.

Among the first to correctly identify #72 as *GORE, THE BODY SNATCHER FROM HELL* were Francesa Burmann, Kristina Hallind & Boris Grabner; and among the first to correctly identify #73 as *MISSILE TO THE MOON* were Susan McGee, Wes Farmer, Miriam Kene & Barbara Kowalski.

8 BUDGET RECORDS OF EDGAR ALLEN POE!

MOVING-FACE, INEXPENSIVE RUBBER MONSTER MASKS!

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TERROR: Classic tales of terror to make you shiver on your heels. 8-page magazine, 16-page color insert. **WORKS FOR THE NEW DRAFT** and the "FIREMANTRE" BATTLE. **WEAR!** \$2.00. **WINTER** \$2.00.

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NIGHTMARE: A frightening, 4-page comic book of your Edgar Allan Poe. **1984** and **1985** **WINTER**. **WORKS FOR THE NEW DRAFT**, but read only you hear THE TELL TALE HEART. **WEAR!** \$2.00.

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TALKS OF

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HORROR: SON OF NIGHTMARE. A unique tale of horror to make you shiver. **WEAR!** \$2.00. **WINTER** \$2.00. **WORKS FOR THE NEW DRAFT**, but read only you hear THE TELL TALE HEART. **WEAR!** \$2.00.

EDGAR ALLEN POE'S
TALKS OF

HOUSE OF FRIGHT

HOUSE OF FRIGHT: A unique tale of horror to make you shiver. **WEAR!** \$2.00. **WINTER** \$2.00. **WORKS FOR THE NEW DRAFT**, but read only you hear THE TELL TALE HEART. **WEAR!** \$2.00.



WOMAN'S FACE: This mask will go to the moon! **WEAR!** \$2.00. **WINTER** \$2.00. **WORKS FOR THE NEW DRAFT**, but read only you hear THE TELL TALE HEART. **WEAR!** \$2.00.



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SUPER ACTION FIGURES

IF YOU WANT TO BE A SUPERHERO, YOU NEED TO BE A SUPERHERO. **WEAR!** \$2.00. **WINTER** \$2.00. **WORKS FOR THE NEW DRAFT**, but read only you hear THE TELL TALE HEART. **WEAR!** \$2.00.

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<p>SPIDERMAN</p> <p>#2462 \$2.75</p>	<p>CAPT. AMERICA</p> <p>#2463 \$2.75</p>	<p>THE JOKER</p> <p>#2464 \$2.75</p>	<p>THE DOCTOR</p> <p>#2465 \$2.75</p>	<p>THE PENGUIN</p> <p>#2466 \$2.75</p>	<p>MC. MXYZPTLK</p> <p>#2467 \$2.75</p>

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM

Graveyard Examiner

DEAD-LETTER EDITION

JEFF ROVIN, EDITOR

FRANKENSTEIN LIVES!



The Frankenstein Monster puts on a show of might for some useful fans. Behind him is a set from an early Universal monster film.



Throughout the years, Dr. Frankenstein's awesome creation has been killed and re-killed, shot, disfigured, and resurrected, resurrected, revived, and re-resurrected, thus, seemingly, an interminable cycle. But through it all, the monster survives. And these days, he's haunting Southern California.

Universal Pictures, the Hollywood studio that gave us the world-famous Karloff incarnation, now has the electric creature roaming its backlot daily, all for the amusement of tourists.

When Universal opened its doors to the general public, in the form of guided tours, none had any idea just how popular these movie parks at the film industry would be. And today, the studio rivals Disneyland in popularity.

A great deal of this success is due, no doubt, to the incredible display put on during the four-hour-long journey through the land. Among the sights to see are the sets once haunted by Karloff, Lugosi and Crosby, the lake in which the monster drowns a little girl in *FRANKENSTEIN*, a monstrous makeup display, and many spectacular exhibitions. Particularly impressive are the man-made earthquakes and floods, and the paring of the Red Sea. Both LIVE demonstrations.

But rearing the old *FRANKENSTEIN* sets is an amazing sight: The Monster himself! Displaying incredible strength, the green-skinned, ghastly barker about, frightening villagers and tourists alike. But he's friendly to kids.

So as you can see, Frankenstein is alive and well, and if you're ever in Hollywood, give him a call!

ANIMONSTER FILM TEST

Below are 15 film titles in which the name of an animal played an important part. Connect the correct letter film and mail to *ANY MONSTER TEST?*, c/o The Graveyard Examiner, Winnetka. (Note: The winners of last issue's contest will be announced in #100. Watch for your name!)

ANIMATION	SPOT	SET
THE MONSTER	GEORGE	SPIDER
SALES	FLY	SCORPION
BOSS	LEOPARD	WITCH
WIFE	CAT	HOUND

THE DEADLY _____

THE BLACK _____

PLANET OF THE _____

THE _____ SA. Heston/Palmer

THE _____ WOMAN

THE GIANT _____

CURSE OF THE _____

THE KILLER _____

TARZAN AND THE _____ WOMAN

HORROR OF _____ ISLAND

THE WAR _____

THE _____ PEOPLE

THE DEVIL _____

THE _____ OF THE BASKERVILLES

CURSE OF THE _____ PEOPLE



Artist Tom Phillips' post-apocalyptic interpretation of the classic Karloff face. Tom's condition earns him a "Master of Monster Art" degree.

STUDENTS APPLAUD HARRYHAUSEN

7th voyage of sinbad gets ovation

The session is called "Early Years of American Animation," and the professor is noted film historian LEONARD MARTIN. The place is The New School in New York City.

The auditorium was packed with students. And they were here to see a screening of HAY HARRYHAUSEN's magnificent adventure classic, THE VOYAGE OF SINBAD.

Before unveiling the feature, MARTIN gave a cursory discourse on the career of MR. HARRYHAUSEN, the world's greatest special effectsman. And after the movie was over, it received thunderous applause, a

tribute to the work of a master animator.

There were many laymen in the audience, students such as JOHN BUTTERFIELD and DICK RIEDEL, who asked "How did they film Sinbad's duel with the skeleton?" or "How was the Cyclops made to look so tall on the screen?" And with HARRYHAUSEN's own FANTASY FILM SCRAPHOOD for reference, the intricacies of frame-by-frame stop motion animation were explained.

Following the main feature and question/answer period, clips from MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS, and HARRYHAUSEN'S

latest, SINBAD'S GOLDEN VOYAGE were presented. But before running these scenes, MARTIN explained how the quality of the films featuring HARRYHAUSEN efforts has increased.

"HEART FROM 1939: FATHOMS had a grade A script," he noted, "which served nicely as a vehicle for the slick special effects. But now, GOLDEN VOYAGE is tops in every way."

So as we await the release of HARRYHAUSEN's latest Sinbad opus, we can be thankful that, at long last, film historians and students of motion pictures are taking note of the work of one of filmdom's greats.



Cyclops battles dragon in thrilling finale of fantasy film "7th Voyage of Sinbad."



The contour from "Sinbad's Golden Voyage" makes his debut in monster opus.

MONSTERS OF THE MONTH



Six-year-old MARK WARNER-BERGER (left) and his four-year-old brother SIMON enjoy THE HUDSON SUN DEMON. The boys are from New York City. The Sun Demon is from the cover of P.M. And P.M. is considered a Gift from the Gods to young monster fans everywhere.



MARC FARLEY



CHUCK JOHNSON



LONNIE CARL NORSETT



THOMAS LINO



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DOUGLAS LEMKE



MIKE GAFFOTTO



PAUL LINO

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FANG MAIL

(Continued from page 4)

JACK AS DRAC

I was fully prepared to like the resurrection of DRACULA. I thought Palumbo could not possibly be as good as Christopher Lee just as I thought Lee had slipped the role. I was most pleasantly surprised.

The feature on Witcher & DeSena was a stroke of genius.

ARLENE BATTISTA
Stratford Conn.

A HAPPY-CAPPY CO CUSTOMER

I would sincerely like to re-buyer all PM items to buy "Cinema of the Fantastic," a book advertised by the Cap-

tain Co. on the back of the magazine. May it's worth every penny I bought it read it & now treasure it!

Your article on FRANKENSTEIN 1973 was superb. I am very glad Mary Woronov would have translated it in her words.

STEPHEN CARAFELLO
Secaucus Heights NJ

ANTICIPATING ISSUE #10,000

I'm a real big fan of PM. I have pictures from your magazine covering my door top to bottom. #1000 was a great issue (like the rest of them) Rick Baker who made Schlock was G.H.B.A.T.M!! I've collected every issue since #800 and I'll still collect them till I'm 100 (now 33). I've been running 7 books in my store since I had #200 before most

to get PM. Please keep it going until #20,000.

RONALD STERNA
Oak Lawn Ill.

- You mean after only 8962 more issues I can have a so judicious look at all the movies I've missed while I've been busy editing PM??

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PHENOMENON

There have been several outstandingly popular features in our 16 years of publication. THE AMAZING ACKERMONSTER is issue 34 (pp. 25-30). MONSTERS ARE GOOD FOR MY CHILDREN in #38 & Yearbook 1971. The BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN Filmbook, #23 & Year 67 LETTER TO AN ANGEL, PM's. To these we must now add THE FORREST PRIME EVIL in #104, a transcribed lecture by our Editor which, with its many unique personal anecdotes about Marshall Lugosi, Lorne at all, you have contained in an Inland Classic - Jim Warren.

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